

COUNTRY LIFE

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LADY WIMBORNE.

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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE DISABLED.

ALREADY from the battlefields of France the maimed and wounded are beginning to return in a stream which must increase in volume as time goes on. Modern weapons produce an extraordinary variety of injuries, and it seems almost a paradox that, thanks to medical skill, from some of the gravest, men recover and become once more effective; while others that do not endanger life may unfit a man completely for resuming his place in the ranks or following the calling in which he was engaged before enlistment. A bullet which passes through the body but just misses a vital point is an example of the one class, the smashing of a man's finger, of the other. The hand or leg shot off cannot be replaced by any substitute as good as the original. Men incapacitated in this way may have a long life before them, and the plain duty of their fellow citizens is to make their lot as bearable as possible. The problem of what is best to do is complicated no less by the diversity of the employment previously followed by our volunteer soldiers than by the variety of wounds inflicted during modern warfare. In one vocation the hand is more essential than the foot; in another a man may make shift without hands if his feet are uninjured. Blindness in many cases puts a final stoppage to the work in which a man has been formerly employed, and we must not forget that deafness has been a much more common result in this war than in any of those that occurred previously. Those who have returned from the front are unanimous in affirming that they never heard any noise comparable to that made by one of the huge "Jack Johnsons." An officer was in this room a few days ago, one who has been a frequent contributor to our pages, who was untouched by bullet or shrapnel. There was nothing outward to show

that he had been injured at all, because nothing save noise had come into contact with him. But the noise was so fearful that it had broken the drum of one ear, and only by a miracle had he escaped with the other.

Our purpose in mentioning these things is that time may be taken by the forelock. We all know what used to happen in the careless days of the Peninsular Wars. For periods of twenty, thirty and even fifty years, old soldiers and sailors might be seen begging their bread from door to door, or doing peddling or some other job of a similar kind in order to obtain the bare necessities of life. It would be a disgrace to our civilisation if this state of things were to recur in our time, and the problem in front of us is how to provide for those who are disabled. They who are only partially so will be thoroughly deserving of their country's care; but at the same time, they will be both more comfortable themselves and happier in mind if they can be directed into employment within their capacity. We all know that an idle life is the least desirable of any. It spells misery to the strong and temptation to the weak, and invariably carries with it a feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest. Nothing has a better effect on a man's self respect than the knowledge that he is performing useful service to his fellow men.

Organisation is the first thing required, and it should be set about promptly. The number of cases to be dealt with is at present within reasonable bounds, and if the machinery is set going it may keep pace with the increase, and thus avoid the accumulation of maimed and crippled men who have not been taught to make the best of their misfortune. The relief of the disabled must not be left to any association into whose working the element of chance might enter. The whole affair must be so organised that no one will be missed out. Means should be taken beforehand to ascertain all the different callings in which men who have lost one or more of their limbs can still do a certain amount of work. Most of us have met with really extraordinary cases which have the merit of at least suggesting what may be done. The history of Henry Fawcett is the most encouraging example we know of which is possible for a man who has met with an apparently crushing misfortune. In 1858, when he was a young man of twenty-six, when out shooting with his father, a few pellets from the gun of the latter accidentally struck his eyes, instantaneously blinding him, and a year of expert treatment only sufficed to prove that the injury was for life. When the period of initial depression had passed, he set himself to order his life anew, and from then a brilliant career must be dated. He published his "Manual of Political Economy" in 1863, and the same year was elected Professor of that science at Cambridge, where he lectured till his death in 1884. His political career is well known. After contesting in vain seats at Cambridge and Brighton respectively, he was elected for the latter in 1865. A very active and distinguished career culminated in 1880, when he was made Postmaster-General in Mr. Gladstone's administration. It may be of interest to add that he was a great skater and pedestrian. Even towards the end of his life he skated fifty or sixty miles a day. Every blind man cannot have the career of a Fawcett, but his story shows what can be done. Poultry keeping is a vocation in which the maimed and even the blind can sometimes make a living. Was it not in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" that an old lady is brought in—or was it a man?—who, though totally blind, made a livelihood by keeping fowls? *La Petite Culture* offers many opportunities of earning a livelihood to those who are lame or injured, and only a little teaching is required. But, of course, it is not every man who takes to the work of the garden and the allotment. In those industrial callings which are under the governance of Trades Unions it would be necessary to secure the co-operation of the leaders who, except on an explicit arrangement, might object to workers who could not possibly be on the same footing as the others.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

OUR portrait this week is of Lady Wimborne, wife of the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland whose appointment was announced on the 4th inst. Lady Wimborne, who was formerly the Hon. Alice Grosvenor, married in 1902, and has a son, the Hon. Ivor Guest, and two daughters.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the p. per. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES.

WHEN the war broke out, the question of providing additional cottage accommodation in town and country was under keen discussion. Naturally, the outbreak of hostilities affected this movement adversely. It was recognised at once that war on so large a scale would put a strain upon the financial resources of every nation taking part in it, and it seemed only a matter of common prudence to avoid extra expenditure wherever possible. Thus, both local authorities and private individuals who had been contemplating the building of cottages showed a disinclination to proceed. This period of doubt seems now to be coming to an end. It is acknowledged that more cottages are urgently required, and that their building would not really mean the destruction of capital, but its investment. Many schemes that were suspended have now been revived, and unless something unforeseen happens, cottage building will be carried out in the spring over many districts in Great Britain. Under these circumstances it is of great advantage that the Advisory Committee on Rural Cottages has been able to issue its Report. The document ought to be of the utmost possible assistance to those who have determined to resume the projects for providing labourers' cottages. Carrying them out will not only add to the housing accommodation, but provide useful work at an emergency in which an increase of unemployment is to be dreaded.

The Report is dealt with more fully in another part of the paper. It will be sufficient here to direct attention to its completeness. It covers the whole of the ground, and deals fully with the accommodation to be provided, the price and design, equipment, drainage and so forth. The competition we held last year and the subsequent exhibition of the prize designs have proved of considerable service to the committee. COUNTRY LIFE placed at their disposal the plans numbered 12 to 21 inclusive, the architects concurring. One important result has been that in this Government Report due weight is attached to the need for observing local traditions of building. It will be remembered that our plan was to offer separate prizes for certain representative districts in Great Britain, so as, as far as possible, to prevent the reproduction of a mere standardised type, such as is to be found in the new Irish cottages. Our designs varied from the stone and pantiles of Northumberland to the red brick tiles and weather-boarding of Kent, and marks were awarded for seemliness and traditional character in external design. We venture to think that this has very greatly added to the value of the Government Report. Such reports on previous occasions have almost been invariably directed to pure utilitarianism, but now it is officially admitted that those who build cottages incur the responsibility of avoiding ugliness and paying due regard to the observance of harmony between the cottage and its surroundings.

Those owners of covert shoots have been able to congratulate themselves, round and about the time of the New Year, who refrained from shooting their pheasants in the earlier months of the season. It has enabled them to show

excellent sport to the many soldiers who have been coming home from the front so slightly wounded as to be well able to shoot pheasants at the end of a covert, or given leave while the waterlogged state of the battlefields and the fighting trench by trench have afforded no opportunity for the use of cavalry. Some owners thought it necessary to kill off their birds early in order to save the corn bill; but fortunately it has been a great year for the wild berries, so that the pheasants have been better able to pick up food for themselves than usual. Many of us had a feeling that it was not quite right to be pheasant shooting, if our years or our necessary avocations kept us at home, while others were engaged in work very much more grave; but there could be no sentiment of that kind when it was a question of showing sport to those who had well earned such relaxation by all they had gone through. Only Jupiter Pluvius showed them a grudge, and did his worst as a spoilsport.

The best fighting temper of the Briton is curiously exemplified in the result of six open-air meetings held at Cardiff last Saturday evening. It happened that a number of soldiers wounded in battle had been asked to speak, and the effect of their doing so was startling. It produced a most extraordinary rush to the recruiting stations, and the crowd were so impatient to enrol that they forced the windows. The officials who conducted the recruiting were kept so busy that it was late on Sunday morning before they finished their work. This is very characteristic of the nation. Perhaps there was a touch of arrogance in the first thought that no country in Europe could really stand up to Great Britain, and that, consequently, there was no particular necessity for joining the ranks. But when it comes to be known that we are fighting with a most formidable and brave opponent who joins to these soldierlike qualities others of a much less respectable kind, such as a ruthless desire to inflict injury on women and children as well as upon soldiers, then the Briton cannot be held back. Something of the same kind happens when news arrives of a gallant charge. Every recruit wishes to go where the hard fighting is.

ADVENTURES.

(FOR JEAN.)

Last night when Nurse had tucked me in my cosy white bed, "Sleep well, and happy dreams to you, my little one," she said. But she never had a notion when she took away the light, Of the lands that I would travel to, or the things I'd do that night!

She left the window open, with the blinds drawn down, And in from the darkness came a little man in brown, With wings on his shoulders, and another pair for me, And I went a-flying with him, away across the sea!

We played hide-and-seek with the shadows all the night, Who go swifter than the winds, or the swallow's flight, Through the Meadows of the Moon, and up and down the sky, We went chasing all the shadow-folk, that little man and I!

But suddenly, "O! Sleepy Head," I heard a voice that cried, And I was back in my own bed, with Nursie by my side, Saying: "Wake up, you Sleepy Head," so I told her how I flew,

And Nursie says I dreamed it all, but I know that isn't true!

J. C.

Too much importance should not be attached to the very decided rise in the price of wheat which has taken place within the last fortnight. The rise is not a famine but a natural one, due to easily explained facts. At Cambridge Corn Market on Saturday, January 2nd, wheat was sold at from 51s. to 52s. a quarter for the best. Ordinary samples averaged 50s. a quarter. At Newcastle there was a considerable amount of excitement, wheat going up 1s. and flour 2s. In Northampton the rise amounted to 5s. a quarter. Farmers asked 50s., but there was little, if any, business done at this price. It was inevitable that a rise of this kind should take place, because in the countries at war the harvest of 1914 has not proved so good as was expected, and the demand is increased by the armies. We have also to remember that there has been a considerable increase in the freights, which itself would account for a good part of the rise. The wet weather is also responsible in some measure, as it has made the home-grown wheat too wet for milling. If wheat does not go much higher—and there is no particular reason why

it should—the public will not suffer more than they do on the occasion of a failure in the wheat crop.

Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador at Petrograd, made a speech on New Year's Eve very much in the spirit of a note that appeared in our last issue. We are glad to see that the Russian Press have been very prompt to recognise and acknowledge his frankness and courage. It is of little use to disguise the fact that there are many Germanophiles in Russia who are for ever trying as far as they can to create dissension between Great Britain and Russia. These mischief makers are nearly all German in descent as well as feeling, and they attempt to play upon popular ignorance by asserting that Great Britain is not doing her adequate share of the fighting, and particularly that the British Fleet has performed no signal action. Sir George Buchanan pointed out in reply, what is known perfectly well in Great Britain, in France and in Russian educated circles, that the work of the Fleet has not been the less effective because it has been silent, and that it would not be practical politics to attempt to force a way into Kiel Harbour, where the Germans keep their principal ships secured by a huge boom of steel which effectually prevents the entrance even of those daring British submarines which have not once but many times searched the mouth of the Elbe. How we have paid and are paying the Price of Admiralty is only too well known.

On this side it is necessary to be equally frank. There are people in Great Britain who keep alive the memories of that period in which Russia was the bugbear of English politics, and expressions of suspicion appear not infrequently in some of the more irresponsible and in a few of the reactionary newspapers. These comments are in reality of no great importance. We have no such institution as an inspired Press in this country, and the utmost freedom and even licence are allowed to newspaper writers, but when these remarks are quoted in Russia they wear a different appearance—at any rate, to the eye of the ordinary man of the street. He does not know the weight to be attached to the various journals, and he sees these references without their context. It is therefore necessary to let Russia know from time to time that she enjoys the absolute confidence of an overwhelming majority of the King's subjects, and that her valiant struggle with Germany is watched here with an interest scarcely less than that felt for our own fighting on the Continent.

Very serious loss has been inflicted upon the Liberal Party, and indeed on the country as a whole, by the death of Mr. Percy Illingworth. When the Master of Elibank was raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Murray, Mr. Illingworth succeeded him as Party Whip. He filled the position admirably, and, indeed, belonged to a type of politician who is a source of strength to any party to which he may belong. He came of a strain of Yorkshire business men who had been Liberal and Puritan by heredity, but in him the more forbidding aspects of Puritanism were tempered by a cheery disposition and an honest love of outdoor sports. Mr. Illingworth was a good Rugby half-back in his day and also a first-rate oarsman. He had military experience first as a trooper in the South African War and afterwards as a captain in the Westminster Dragoons Imperial Yeomanry. During a time when the work of Liberal Whip was exceptionally ardent and delicate he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of everybody, and his loss will be deeply felt. Since the beginning of the war, when old political dividing lines were removed, he continued his work with a tact that greatly helped to strengthen and maintain the unity of the whole.

An excellent successor to the Earl of Aberdeen as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has been found in Lord Wimborne, whose appointment is to date from February 17th, 1915. Lord Wimborne's name is very familiar to our readers. He was chairman of the Afforestation Commission, and he is a very keen sportsman. Last year he organised the polo team which succeeded in its attempt to wrest the cup from the American players. As Mr. Ivor Guest he was better known than as Lord Wimborne. He is a cousin of the Duke of Marlborough and of Mr. Winston Churchill, and served with distinction in the South African War. On his return in 1900 he entered Parliament as Unionist Member for Plymouth, but crossed to the Liberal side in 1906, when he became Member for the Cardiff Division. He entered the House of Lords as Lord Ashby St. Ledgers, and succeeded to his

father's title, Lord Wimborne, on the death of the latter last year.

Last week it was mentioned in our hunting section that some of the officers at the front were following the precedent of the Great Duke and getting hounds over to France and Belgium. About twenty couples of foxhounds have been obtained from Mr. Fernie's and the Cottesmore kennels. The hares are to receive attention as well as the foxes. From the frequent references to them in the letters of officers and privates they seem to be very plentiful, and Lieutenant Romer Williams has secured the loan of a pack of beagles which are now at the front. He was at his home, Newnham Hall, Northamptonshire, about ten days ago, and then obtained the loan of the pack of Mr. Ernest Robinson of Liscombe, Leighton Buzzard, who very willingly fell in with the suggestion. Lieutenant Romer Williams was once Master of the Eton Beagles, so that the pack will be in good hands. As we mentioned last week, a pack of the Porthia Beagles is being lent for a similar purpose. It is a very good thing that these hounds are going over, as a little hunting will go a very long way to keep our men fit and cheerful.

Many of those who took part in the COUNTRY LIFE correspondence on our diminishing horse supply dwelt on the folly of taking the mares, describing it as the latest method of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. The War Office has on this occasion, as on many others, discovered a praiseworthy readiness to adopt an obviously useful suggestion. It has now instructed its Remount Officers to avoid, as far as possible, the purchase of mares, and on no account to impress any whose owners pledge themselves to breed from them next season. The announcement comes very appropriately through the Board of Agriculture. Co-operation between the two great Departments has been conspicuously absent in the past. The present evidence of joint action is very welcome, and we hope the precedent thus established will be followed up in the future.

TO A THRUSH.

"Sweet, sweet, sweet" out of the rain

You sing of spring,

And we, through loss and grief and pain,

We know that peace will come again

To everything.

E. N.

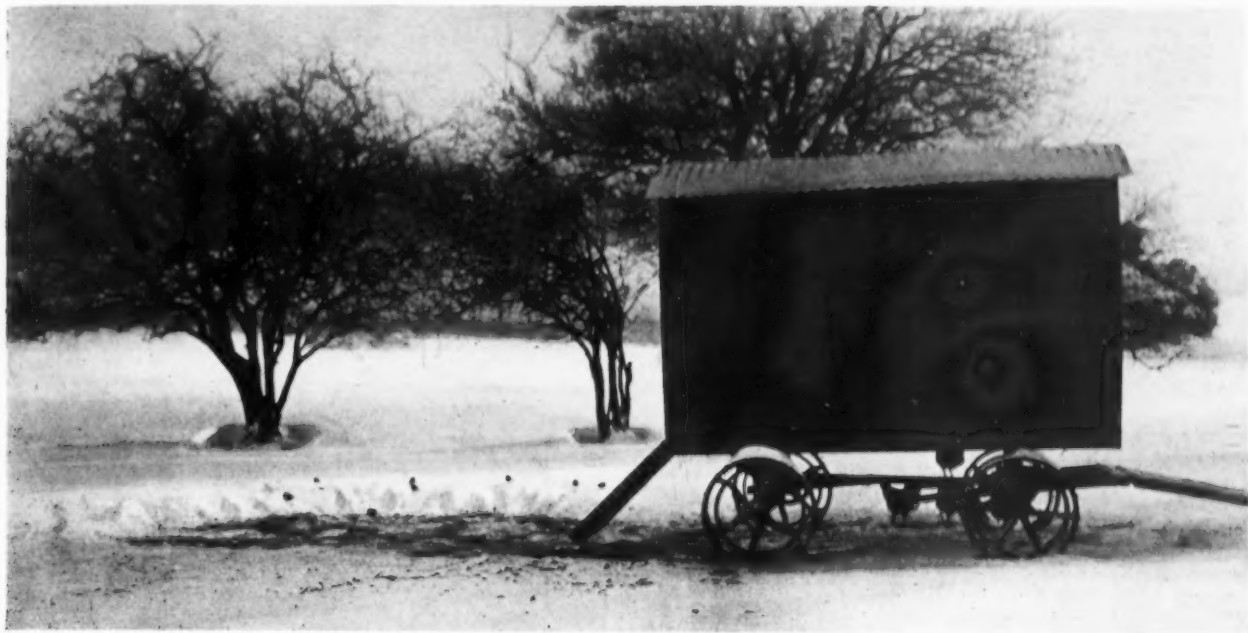
A great deal of attention has been given during this campaign to the songs which the soldiers sing. They began with the famous "Tipperary," and although the men are getting a little weary of it now, the successors are of the same kind, mostly of music hall origin. The British soldier, unlike the German, is allowed to choose his own song, the only requirement being that it should be of a marching character. The official marching tunes of the various regiments form a fine list of old English songs, many of which we would like to see revived. The favourite of many regiments, including the Royal Artillery, the Grenadier Guards, the Northumberland Fusiliers and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers is that fine old song, "The British Grenadiers." Other marching songs are "The Lincolnshire Poacher" for the Lincolnshire Regiments, "Speed the Plough" for the Suffolk Regiment, "Garry Owen" for the Royal Irish, "Wha wouldna fecht for Charlie?" for the Cheshires, "Lass of Gowrie" for the East Surrey, "D'ye ken John Peel?" for the Border Regiment, "A Hundred Pipers" for the Royal West Kent, "Blue Bonnets over the Border" for the Highland Light Infantry, the Seaforth Highlanders and the Gordon Highlanders. "Cameron Men" is, of course, the slogan of the Cameron Highlanders, and "Wait for the Waggon" is the marching song of the Army Service Corps. It might be worth while to revive the singing of these songs among the soldiers. They would find them an excellent change when they weary, as they must do, of the thinner music hall ditties.

Obviously, the war is going to take countrymen back to many ancient practices. Not so long ago those villagers who kept pigs killed them and made their own bacon, so that one of the commonest sights in the world was to see a cottage kitchen adorned with hams and flitches, which hung from the old beams and produced a delightful impression of rough plenty and comfort. The poorest family could not be in great want of food if there was good store of bacon in the

kitchen and vegetables in the garden. But during the time of agricultural depression, when provisions of all kinds became so cheap, the habit grew of purchasing bacon at the shop, and to some extent the knowledge of how to cure it has been lost. We are glad that the Board of Agriculture recognises the importance of reviving it, and has sent out

a good practical leaflet showing the small holder and the cottager how he can kill his own pig and make his own bacon. Still more important, the writer gives many practical hints as to the most profitable pig to keep, the most advantageous weight at which to kill him and other points in the economy of the animal.

THE STOPPAGE OF FIELD LABOUR.



PILFERING FROM THE CHICKENS.

PEOPLE who live in towns scarcely realise what is meant by the statement of the meteorologist that the December of 1914 was the wettest on record. Living among streets is not conducive to an observance of the out of door calendar. Soaking rain only signifies that an umbrella has to be carried, and in these days of perfect drainage the effect of long continued wet passes away the moment the sun comes out. It is otherwise in the country, and this year has been the most embarrassing of all. For the twelve months ended 1914, no doubt the amount of rain that has fallen is just

about the average for the year, but then, it was concentrated in one month. A single instance may bring it home to the reader. At a certain place in Sussex, where the average rainfall is 3in., it amounted in December to 12in. Luckily for those who dwell in it, Sussex, on the whole, is a hilly county and the soil is light, so that the rain passes away without producing the maximum of inconvenience. It is very different if you go to one of the clay counties or even heavy loam counties belting London. Here the rain has played extraordinary havoc, even though much of it may be, like the work of the British Navy, invisible. An officer



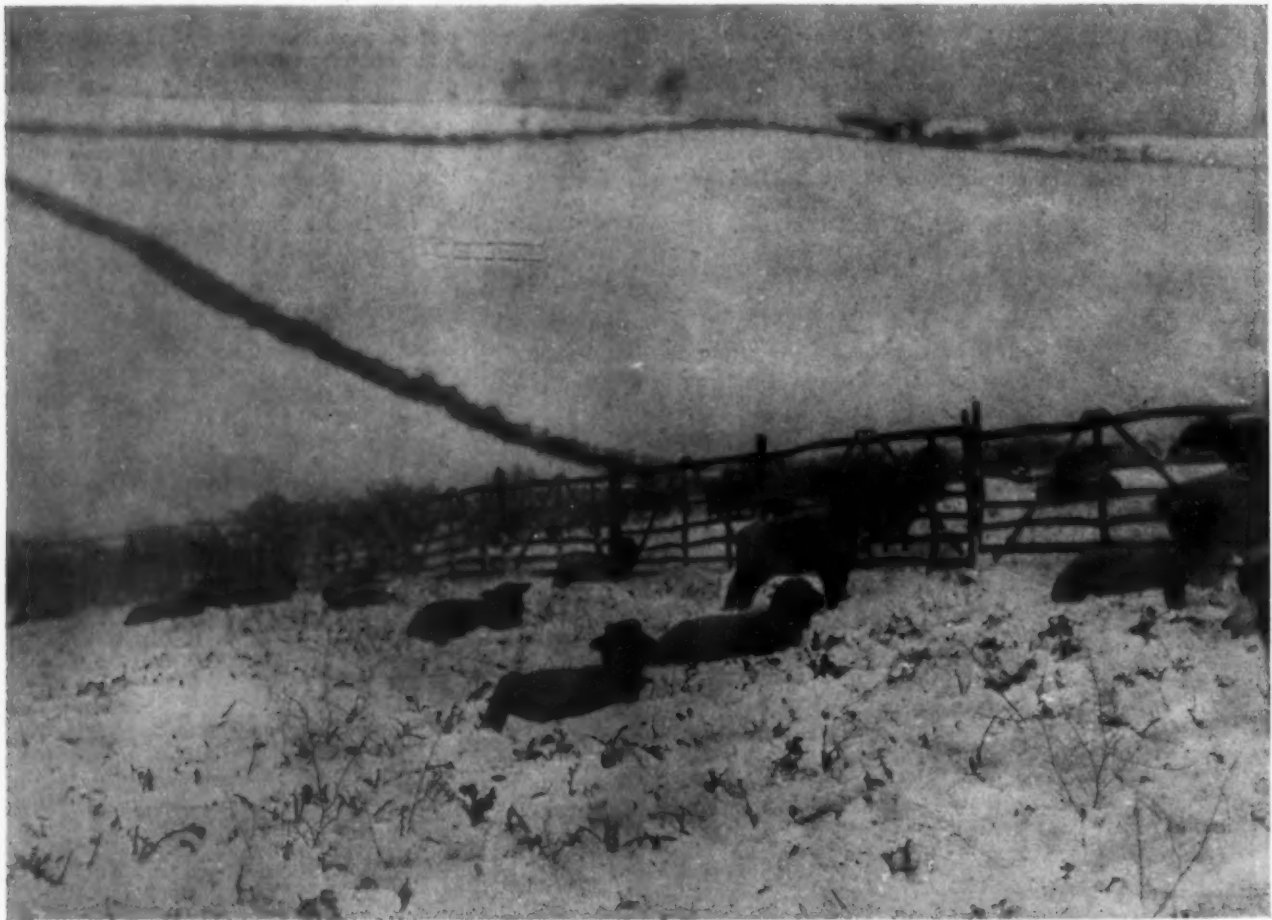
A LIGHT FALL.



WINTER DIET.

from the front, looking at a typical scene in the Home Counties, said he felt nothing but its beauty and content. It happened while he looked that a pale December sun was peering shyly through a fleecy veil of clouds. What it gave could scarcely be called sunshine, but it was sufficient to lend the effect of colour to the dour tops of the spinney trees and the woodland, to bring a little silvery brightness to the still water and impart a glitter to the rippling stream flowing down the road as though it had been a Highland torrent. What the soldier was thinking of was that where he had been the scene was one of utter desolation. The houses smashed by shells, the fields excavated rather than ploughed up by the same agency, dead horses testifying to the suffering borne in war by our dumb servants, and dead cattle and sheep bearing witness to the fiendish destructiveness of the Germans who have killed and wasted where they could not consume. To come from those scenes

to an English county was to discover beauties in the latter which certainly are not visible to the dweller. In fact, while talking to him we got into conversation with an honest yeoman farmer who had a tale of very different complexion to tell. Needless to say, it was a tale of unmingled woe. His horses were out in the field—fine strong animals they were, because the owner belongs to that order of cultivator who, keen and saving as he is in most things, holds it as an axiom that if a horse is worth keeping, he is worth feeding. But the animals were reduced to complete idleness at present. They are half-bred Shires whose work lies on the land and not on the road. At present the land is absolutely unworkable. Indeed, we might go further and say that the English lanes cannot be traversed. Water is lying not in little isolated pools along them, but in great stretches of a hundred yards or more each, and though it is shallow in most places, wherever there is an indentation of the road a considerable



QUITE AT HOME IN THE SNOW.

depth has accumulated, so that the rash motorist who thinks he has only to do with a water splash, and that he can push his way through quite easily, is abruptly in the middle with his engines out and the water pouring into his motor. Then does the farmer find a use for his horses. It requires at least four of them to extract the unfortunate motorist from his predicament. In the county of which we are speaking the farmers are nearly all yeomen, that is to say, owners of the soil, and they are very fond of keeping on their ground what they call their "dell." The word "dell" is extremely pretty and may be thought to possess a poetic significance. Indeed, this is so. The wandering poet and still more the wandering lover sees a great many beauties in the dell. It lies low. In prehistoric times—of course, we use the word "prehistoric" in a Pickwickian sense—it was probably a gravel pit or a clay pit, and has been greatly excavated, but during many generations wild life has been allowed to run riot there. In summer the bramble and the rose mass together in thickets; bluebells, violets and all the flowers that bloom in the spring find a home to rejoice in. Perhaps

glittered so nicely to the weak and still benevolent looking December sun is spread over the desert and the sown; in other words, over last year's stubbles and next year's wheat. The last mentioned, be it observed, is an easy going and delightful plant in many respects. It will not grumble at any reasonable vicissitude of weather, but it draws the line at water. Freeze it, cover it with snow, let the blighting east wind blow over it till the other plants are all shrivelled, and it still will hold up its green head bravely and go on merrily to the harvest; but let it be absolutely submerged in water and it loses heart altogether. The farmer knows that wherever these silvery lakes are, the sowing will all have to be done over again in the spring. In other words, work is accumulating while his horses stand idle. He shakes his head at the beasts and still cannot make up his mind to sell them, for he has been to market and has noticed how the supply of horses has been diminished and how difficult good ones are to procure, and so he says, "If I part with them, where can I lay my hands on the like when they are wanted?" So he must content himself with letting them eat their heads



THE FARMYARD IN DECEMBER.

at the bottom of his heart the farmer likes all this prettiness and colour as well as most, although he says nothing about it.

His real delight in the dell lies in the fact that it forms an excellent harbourage for such game as he likes to have on his small estate. Socialists and land reformers will sometimes represent him as being a fearful enemy of game laws and a man groaning under the tyranny of rabbits, pheasants and partridges; but when he has a bit of land of his own there never are enough of these creatures, and so he lets the dell grow wild in order to have a home for them. But at the moment of writing, the water has rushed in from the road like a mountain torrent, drowned the rabbits in their holes, hidden the ivy and the other green plants, and made the trees look like the masts of submerged ships. What the farmer asks is, What would happen if he stopped up the access to his dell? There is nothing in the law of England which compels him to receive the surplus road water. He could therefore stem it off and make the road still more impracticable, if that be possible. But on his open fields the same thing has happened. The water that

off in the stable and keep in health by galloping over the green, boggy fields which they have pounded into a jelly. To his afflictions have to be added the ravages of His Majesty's artillery and other soldiers. He looks upon them much as he does upon the weather, that is to say, as something sent by an inscrutable fate which he must make the best of. But during those extremely wet weeks the horses and the guns and carriages between them have produced oceans of mud where fields once were, and so increased still more the prospective burden that lies upon the farmer's back. We cannot wonder at him grumbling about it, but it must be confessed that he does his grumbling with a considerable amount of cheerfulness. The rain he knows will go away, the snow which comes every now and again he only wishes would remain, as that would mean a hard surface on which he at least could cart his manure out, and though he would fain be doing, he is content to let things rest till the time for work comes. In the meanwhile, however, he does not join in the chorus of rhapsody with which those who have come back from the war greet the homely English fields.

*M. W. Parsons.*

WORKING FOR THE SOLDIERS.

Copyright,



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

PRIVATE JOHN JELLY.

BY
B. P. STANDEN.



PPRIVATE JOHN JELLY, No. 3,021 of the King's Own Rifles, sat under a hedge in the raw dawn of a November morning. A thick mist hid the fields of France, and—other things. He searched in his pockets with frost-bitten fingers, and finally, after some anxious moments, retrieved a cigarette—pulpy, and the last.

Another search produced a box of matches in which one sodden match rattled dismally.

"Blighter!" murmured John Jelly, scraping it carefully along the matchbox where sandpaper should have been. "Been out late an' got wet, you 'ave—regular soaked. I'll 'ave yer reported!"

He scratched his boot with it viciously, then his trouser leg, without any response. "Blighting" it yet more and with stronger language, Jelly ground it under his heel, and, biting off half of the cigarette, chewed philosophically. Somewhere, some hundreds of years ago, he believed there had been a fight—and he had fought, well in the front. Lord! how that German had looked when the bayonet struck him; he did not like to remember that. There were other things also he would like to forget about that night attack. The searchlight had been so clear, and that sergeant, for instance, who—no, that was best left alone; all dead men have white faces—blast that match!—chewed tobacco was cold comfort. He crawled stiffly out of the ditch where he had lain all night, overlooked by the stretcher-bearers. There was a bullet in his shoulder; how darned uncomfortable it was. German bullet, too; cheek of it to be there at all; it made his left arm feel queer and helpless. The mist hung about as thick as ever, some wet leaves flapped and rustled in the hedge, and the earth sent up dank, noisome smells. He supposed he was "missing." It was so quiet all round him on those flat French fields, the tide of battle must have rolled far away by now.

In a day or two perhaps that little wife at home would find his name in the papers. He couldn't bear to think of her crying; she—

Here Private Jelly rose to his feet, tightened his belt and prepared, through the mist, to "find himself." Something moved in the ditch a few paces away. Somebody groaned. The dawn had given way to daylight now, and Jelly saw the white face of a German private, a mere boy, staring at him. "Hello, mate!" he said, moving stiffly towards him. "Guess you got it worse 'n me."

The boy glared, made a movement with his hands, and the next moment a bullet singed the ankle of Jelly's right-hand trouser.

"Whew!" was Private John's remark as he skipped to one side. Then, seeing the lad sink back with nerveless hands and closed eyes, he knelt beside him and removed the rifle to a safe distance. "Daddy ought never ter 'ave given yer that toy," he remarked. "Why, I declare, yer ain't 'alf growned—only in yer first knickers so ter speak. What's that there blanky Kaiser o' yours about? Sends out old grandads and boys, and expects us ter fight 'em. Yah!"

Private Jelly's hands were rough and numb with cold, but they lifted the German boy's head tenderly enough and, pillowing it on his knee, he proceeded to administer brandy and conversation of his own peculiar sort.

"That were a low-down trick," he said, severely, perceiving with satisfaction that the brandy was being swallowed. "'s plain as my 'and you was never taught cricket nor yet football in yer extreme youth. You young cock-a-hoop shaveling, shooting a defenceless man, and you in a ditch as good as dead. No, now then, you down it ivery drop, d'ye hear—no wastin' of my good brandy; you take yer med-icin' like a good boy and yer'll feel better—*tha-ats* it. Young shaveling, as I were sayin', if you was strong on yer pins and unwounded-like, I'd teach yer like me own son I would, with an ash-stick, what's cricket and what ain't. Bet you never 'ad much o' *that* med-icin' when you was young. I'd learn yer!"

The eyes remained obstinately shut, but a faint colour was creeping back into the youthful, hairless cheeks.

Private Jelly bent suspiciously over the boy. "You open them eyes," he said, sternly. "No shamming, or I'll make yer!"

Whereupon not only did the eyes open, blue and round like an innocent baby's, but to Jelly's intense horror the flood-gates opened too; tears rolled like rain down the thin cheeks, and sobs shook the starved shoulders. For a moment he stared aghast at his handiwork.

"Sonny," he cried, "Sonny, don't yer fret. I didn't mean 'alf I said. John Jelly—that's me—he've a rough tongue, but he've a kind 'eart. I didn't 'alf know yer was such a little 'un. I won't be hard on yer anymore, Sonny—specs you was wanderin'-like when you fired that shot—'ere, give over. John Jelly gets all flustered with tears abaht."

He unearched from the depths of the cigarette pocket a grimy rag which had once been a regulation handkerchief. At least it was fairly dry, and would serve to soak up those unmanly tears. With honest, clumsy hands he dabbed and wiped and soothed and patted till the storm was past; then, spreading out the precious cloth to dry upon a bush, and speaking very slowly but as gently as he knew how, John Jelly said:

"Lad, does—yer—speak—English?"

The blue eyes softened at last. "I can—leetle." The head on Jelly's knee moved wearily.

"Why? Hotel? Waiter?"

"No; I only schoolboy. My mother, she taught me leetle."

"Lord, these babies!" muttered Private Jelly. "All right, sonny—no, yer ain't goin' ter blub again; talkin' abaht mothers ain't a good thing for battlefields. Now, look here," he went on, briskly, "you feel better?"

The boy nodded.

"Then you shake 'ands. We're 'missin' together, and we've got ter find ourselves together, so we'd best be friends. 'Ere, shake."

They shook, and the ghost of a smile crossed the German face.

"That's that," remarked Private John Jelly. "Next thing is, can yer walk?"

"No; my foot—all smashed."

"H'm! Then ye'll jest 'ave ter 'op on my back, an' I'll play the 'strong man.' Hup yer comes."

Somehow, the "strong man" with his burden staggered out of the ditch, across the field and through a gate on to a deserted country road. The mist was rapidly clearing, faint signs of blue sky and a promise of sun began to appear. A French robin pierced the air shrilly from a blackberry bush. Private John Jelly's shoulder was aching badly, his stomach clamoured frankly and loudly for food, and even a starved German boy is no light weight for a wounded man. The road seemed unending, without farmhouse, cottage or village in sight. Presently, by the increased weight on his back, Jelly knew his man had fainted. His own strength was failing, but he stumbled on. He even pursed his mouth to a faint whistle, but his parched lips refused to purse for long.

Muttering "are we dahn-hearted?" and forgetting the answer, he staggered desperately round the bend in the road, straight into the blessed, blessed arms of a British Red Cross convoy.

"Gawd be praised," he said simply, and fell fainting himself at the astonished feet of the doctor-in-charge.

Later, when they had him clean and refreshed in a neat, white hospital bed, and the nurse had removed his sodden, stained clothes, his eye fell on the German boy's rifle.

"Where's that young baby-soldier?" he asked, "I'd like—"

"He died last night," said the nurse, gently.

Private Jelly turned his head away.

"If I'd ha' known," he was muttering to himself, "if I'd ha' known he'd got them baby-blue eyes, I wouldn't ha' dressed 'im down so—but 'e didn't bear no grudge—damn the Kaiser!"

"Here it is," said the nurse quickly, guiding the groping hand, and John Jelly buried his head and the clean white handkerchief gratefully in the bed-clothes.

IN THE GARDEN.

APPLES AND PEARS FOR HOME CONSUMPTION.

REPORTS received from several of the largest nurseries show that instead of planting Roses and herbaceous plants on an extensive scale this winter, many customers are devoting larger areas to fruit trees. This does not necessarily imply that the trees are being planted for commercial purposes; indeed, the information gathered rather points to the fact that the intention of purchasers is to grow fruit, and especially Apples and Pears, for their own consumption.

As the cultivation, grading and packing of fruit for market have already been dealt with fully in previous issues by Mr. Holdenby, all that is necessary now is to point out the difference between what one may term commercial fruit and that for home consumption. The market grower, very rightly, grows only a few standard and well tried varieties which experience has taught him find a ready sale and can be easily and safely packed and sent to market. This enables him to gather and despatch them in large quantities, and so avoid, in most instances, the costly process of storing. The result of this is that the supply of home-grown Apples and Pears is limited to a comparatively short period, very few English fruits finding their way to market after Christmas.

For home consumption, however, with facilities already existing for proper storage, it is quite a different matter. Here the owner rightly insists on having home grown fruit over as long a period as may be reasonably possible. With this end in view it is necessary to select and grow those varieties that naturally ripen at different times of the year. The storing, important as it is, cannot be regarded as the sole factor in maintaining a supply. However well an Apple or Pear may be stored, there is only one period of its existence when it is really fit for the table or kitchen. The well known Apple Blenheim Orange will serve as a good illustration of what is meant. I have tasted sound fruits of this in March, but they were not worth eating or cooking, the flesh being dry and practically useless. Yet to keep them sound they had been extra well stored, and had they been used at their proper season, i.e., November and the early part of December, they would have been first rate. Cox's Orange Pippin, the best of all dessert Apples, is seldom worth eating after the third week in January, however sound it may be kept, and very few good gardeners care to see it in the fruit room after Christmas. Pears, especially dessert varieties, are even worse in this respect, hence it will be seen that the utmost importance must be attached to the selection of sorts in season during different months of the year.

The style of trees best suited for gardens are undoubtedly those known as pyramid or bush trees, and those that are trained as espaliers or one of the several forms of cordon. These are

invariably grafted or budded on special dwarfing stocks that prevent the trees attaining too large dimensions and at the same time induce them to bear heavy crops of first-class fruit at quite the early stages of their career. In giving the selection of varieties below it must be understood that in some localities a few might be omitted for others that do better in the neighbourhood; but generally speaking they can be relied upon to produce first-class fruit for the purpose and period named. As at the present time the subject is of more than usual importance, it would be exceedingly interesting and instructive if readers who take a lively interest in fruit would send the Editor lists of what they consider the best Apples and Pears for a continuous supply in their locality.

Dessert Apples, July and August: Gladstone, Beauty of Bath and Langley Pippin. September: Lady Sudeley and James Grieve. October: Ellison's Orange, a fairly new variety of superb flavour; Charles Ross. November: Allington Pippin, Cox's Orange Pippin and Blenheim Orange. December: Ribston Pippin and Christmas Pearmain. January: Winter Ribston and Claygate Pearmain. February: Reinette du Canada. March, April and early May: Allen's Everlasting and Sturmer Pippin. Culinary Apples, August: Lord Grosvenor. September: Pott's Seedling and Stirling Castle. October: The Queen, Cox's Pomona and Peasgood's Nonsuch. November: Emperor Alexander, Warner's King and Norfolk Beauty. December: Bramley's Seedling and Lord Derby. January: Beauty of Kent and Bismarck. February: Lane's Prince Albert and Baumann's Reinette. March: Alfriston and Annie Elizabeth. April and May: Newton Wonder and Northern Greening. Dessert Pears, July: Doyenne d'Été. August: Clapp's Favourite. September: Dr. Jules Guyot, Souvenir du Congrès and William's Bon Chrétien. October: Fondante d'Automne, Louise Bonne of Jersey, Beurré Hardy and Michaelmas. November:

Beurré Superfin, Doyenne du Comice and Durondeau. December: Blackling, Santa Claus and Winter Nelis. January: Easter Beurré and Josephine de Malines. February to April: Olivier des Serres and Beurré Rance. For culinary purposes the following should be grown for use in the order named: Beurré Clairgeau, Conference, Vicar of Winkfield, Uvedale's St. Germain and Catillac. The two first named are often used for dessert, but they are also excellent for stewing.

A NOBLE BORDER FLOWER.

The accompanying illustration represents a colony of hardy flowers which are seldom found in our gardens. This is no doubt due to the fact that they are rather difficult to cultivate with success, damp during the winter often proving fatal. Where, however, they can be given a warm, sunny corner under a wall, with very sandy soil, the plants may often be induced to thrive. The root is long and tuberous, and the top of it should be planted at least three



A LITTLE KNOWN BORDER PLANT, OSTROWSKIA MAGNIFICA.

The flowers are pale mauve.

inches beneath the surface. A little dry litter placed over the crowns during very severe weather is useful. The flowers are pale mauve in colour and closely resemble those of a

large Campanula. *Ostrowskia magnifica* was introduced to this country from Central Asia in 1887, and is named in honour of the Russian botanist, Ostrowski. H.

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

[FROM AN OFFICER'S DIARY.]



THE DISPOSITION OF THE SHIPS.

THE above is the reproduction of a sketch made by my grandfather, Sir William Hutchinson, of, and at, the Battle of Copenhagen in 1801. At that date he held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the 49th Regiment of the Line, and for the moment was in command of a detachment of his regiment attached to the very considerable portion of the British Navy which was engaged in the Battle of Copenhagen. It is an act of war which has been greatly discussed, but into that battle of words we need not enter. By way of testimony to the importance of the action, it is sufficient to quote the words of Mahan in his "Life of Nelson": "Having regard to the general political conditions, and especially to the great combination in the North at this time directed against Great Britain, the victory of Copenhagen was second in importance to none that Nelson ever gained; while in the severity of the resistance and in the attendant difficulties to be overcome the battle itself was the most critical of all in which he was engaged." De la Gravière says of Nelson's qualities as displayed in this battle, "They will always be, in the eyes of seamen, his fairest title to glory. He alone was capable of displaying such boldness and perseverance; he alone could confront the immense difficulties of that enterprise and overcome them."

It was the custom at the beginning of the nineteenth century to put soldiers on ships of war, though such troops were not distinguished by special name, duties or training, as are our gallant Marines to-day. The idea was to use them as riflemen when ships closed to attack, or to assault land batteries, either by nocturnal surprise or when their guns had been silenced or reduced by fire from the ships. My grandfather's diary, written up to the very day of the fight, contains the following note of his instructions to the troops designed for the landing party:

The troops, when about to disembark, are to be drawn up on the Quarter Deck, with 60 rounds of powder, canteens, and haversacks, one good flint well fix'd in each firelock, three others carefully deposited in each pouch. The men are to get into the boats by single files, handing their muskets to a man stationed on the ship's side to receive them. When the soldier is in the boat the firelock is then to be delivered to him, and he is to take his seat as quietly as possible, when ordered by the Naval Officer appointed to conduct the boat. Silence to be most particularly observed. Arms not to be loaded as no firing can take place from the boats. When the flat-bottomed boats touch the ground, those in front are to leap out, all in regular succession (without jostle or confusion) following, and instantly to form in front of the enemy. Load by such divisions as may have landed and formed. W^m. HUTCHINSON, Lt.-Col., Commanding a Detachment of 49th on board the Monarch, March 18th, 1801.

The prospect of thus "forming in front of the enemy," with the lengthy operation to be performed of loading an old flintlock musquet (as he writes it), is not an alluring one; but as a matter of fact the projected landing was never attempted, the enemy, as will be remembered, coming to terms in response to Nelson's famous message commencing "To the Danes, Brethren of Englishmen." The diary, so far as it relates to the battle, is headed:

In the Squadron under the Command of Sir Hyde Parker, Knt., Admiral of the Blue, Command in Chief, etc., etc., on board His Majesty's Ship Monarch, March 28:

The Cruiser Brig sailed to the Sound with a Flag of Truce. [Presumably this would be to the Swedes, whom he mentions later as not firing on them.] Cleared for action during the morning, whilst under weigh.

29th. Wind S.W., fine weather. At 2 p.m. the Signal to weigh was made: weighed and sailed towards the Sound: came to an Anchor abreast the Hammell Mills. Several Bomb Vessels with their Tenders under the Edgar, dropped ahead near Cronenburg Castle preparatory to its Bombardment.

30th. Signal made at 4 o'clock A.M. to weigh: weighed and drifted towards the Castle. Hoisted the Colours, when the Danish batteries opened a heavy fire upon us and was returned by our ships with several Starboard broadsides.

A.M. The Monarch, having sufficiently cleared the Castle, ceased firing. The English Fleet did not receive the smallest injury from the enemy's fire. The whole Fleet after passing came to an anchor 6 or 7 miles N.E. from Copenhagen. The Swedes did not attempt to molest us in passing the Sound. At Meridian, when the Van Division had come to an anchor, the Frigates and Gun boats reconnoitred the enemy's coast. At this time the Lorch, lugger, having Adm^l Sir H. Parker, Col. Stuart, etc., etc., on board, passed under the Monarch's stern and under cover of Amazon frigate and Cruiser Brig went ahead of the English Van and Reconnoitred the Danish Ships, floating batteries etc., and upon their approaching within shot they opened a smart fire. After remaining for 2 Hours they again joined the Van and remained at their anchorage till the following day. [All this very leisurely skirmishing and manœuvring was preliminary to the real battle, and we may note how lightly a "heavy fire" from the Danish land batteries was regarded: "The English Fleet did not receive the smallest injury." Even the small boats reconnoitring seem to have stood "a smart fire" and been none the worse.]

31st. Wind S.S.W. At 7 A.M. several of the flat Boats having part of the 49th Regt and part of Col. Stuart's corps on board, passed under the Monarch's stern and proceeded on board the Men of War forming the Van Division as preparatory to our attacks on the Danish Fleet. During the night of the 31st Sir H. Parker, Lt Nelson, etc., reconnoitred the Enemy's Line of Defence.

1st April. Wind S.S.W. Remained at our anchorage near the Elephant bearing Vice Ad^l Lt Nelson's Flag. At 7 A.M. the Rear Division joined the Van. During the night Sir H. Parker and Lord Nelson, accompanied by several masters and pilots, went on board our small vessels, reconnoitred the enemy's position and sounded the Channel, laying down marks in order to direct our ships in Attack upon the Danish Ships and Batteries. In P.M. Signal was made to weigh. The Van, under V. Admiral Lord Nelson, weighed and ran up the North Channel—wind N.W. At 6 P.M. came to an Anchor with the Van Squadron in the opening of the Gaspar Channel—Draken, S.S.W., 6 miles distant—in 7 fathoms of water. At midnight the Enemy had several shells amongst our Fleet in order to conceal a movement which took place in their Fleet.

April 2nd. At 7 A.M. answered the Signal for all Captains of the Line of Battle Ships of the Van Squadron to go on board the Elephant. At 1/4 past 7 A.M. weighed per Signal. At 8, Van under weigh with Signal to prepare for Battle. Every Ship, upon getting to their appointed Station, came to anchor by the Stern and commenced an engagement. The Monarch, in passing the Enemy's line to gain her Station, received her fire from Ships and Batteries and returned it. At 20 past 10 A.M. came to our Station and was closely engaged with a 64 and Hulks on each Quarter, and received a heavy fire on our Larboard Bow from the Crown Battery, the Signal flying the whole Action for a Closer engagement. At 1/4 past one A.M. a Discretionary Signal was made by Sir H. Parker to the Van Squadron, either to continue or discontinue the Action—not answered by the Elephant. At 1/4 past 2 the fire was much relaxed and the Enemy's Colours were in general struck, particularly those opposite the Monarch and Elephant. During the Action we observed boats coming from the Shore with fresh men, the Enemy's

colours to be struck and hoisted again, when a heavy fire of grape shot from us decided the victory. At 2.5 past 3 flat Boats and Launches were ordered to take possession of the Enemy's Ships, and also to pick up the people of a Danish 64 which was burnt: the Elephant and several Ships returning from their Stations touched ground. The Batteries opened a heavy fire from the Shore. Lord Nelson, seeing the great danger, availed himself of this critical moment for offering terms to the Enemy. He snatched a piece of paper and wrote as follows:

Vice Am^l Lord Nelson.

To the Danes, Brethren of Englishmen.

The British Flag

[This, of course, is the famous despatch which has aroused much fierce debate and criticism, and is too well known to need quotation.]

At 3 past 3 P.M. cut our Cable and followed the Elephant. Getting under weigh, the Ganges, being ungovernable, run foul of us, but by great exertions on both sides we were soon disengaged without much damage. At this time Flags of Truce were passing.

At 6 P.M. came to an anchor with Best Bower, the only one left. The Monarch lost, during the Action, in killed and wounded 240 men, and had all her Masts shot thro', her Rigging in general cut to pieces; her Wheel shot away, 14 Guns disabled, and innumerable shot thro' her. At 3 past 6 the Warrior supplied us with a Stream Anchor.

3rd April at 10 A.M. Committed the body of Captain Moss, killed in the Action, to the deep, performing funeral Honours, and Capt. Birchill, late of H.M. Brig Harpy, had his Commission read to the Ship and took command of the Ship. Employed during the 4th, 5th and 6th in repairing the Ship.

The difference that the passage of a hundred years has made in naval warfare is strikingly suggested by this account. Nelson had no need for an eye on possible aircraft above him or the far more dangerous foe in the sea's depths. These differences apart, it was possible and, indeed, usual for the fight between ship and ship to be prolonged to a degree inconceivable to-day. Despite the strength of the armour of the modern ship, modern guns are so powerful that a weaker cannot long withstand a stronger. The days of such a fight as that of the Revenge under the gallant Sir Richard Grenville are gone, though the gallantry of our seamen has not diminished. Swift decisions have been reached in all modern instances, from the tragedy of Admiral Rodjestvensky's fleet down to the latest dramatic naval incident of the present war.

A final word may be said respecting that signal to retire hoisted by Sir Hyde Parker in the heat of the action. The popular dramatic version of the incident is that it was a direct order to withdraw, since, in the judgment of the superior admiral, the fight was too severe to be maintained. Nelson disobeyed the order, placing his telescope to his blind eye for its inspection. That is the popular legend, with something of the true, though the less heroic, Nelson touch about it. Unquestionably the genius and hero had a weaker and histrionic side. Mahan arguing the question up and down, by the light of various testimony, concludes that the signal

was a definite order to retire, and that Nelson committed a splendid act of disobedience in disregarding it. It will be observed that my grandfather (of course, with no prevision of the storm of debate that was afterwards to arise about it) notes, at the time of its hoisting, that the signal was "discretionary." It was left to Nelson's judgment to continue the action, or to withdraw if he found it too severe. It seems to make the debated point quite clear. At the same time it does not necessarily destroy the pleasant and popular legend.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

A RECENTLY DISCOVERED GOLFING PICTURE.

MANY golfers are acquainted with one famous golfing picture by Charles Lees. It is to be found, among other places, in the Badminton volume under the title, "Finish of a Big Match," and represents the best known players of the time at St. Andrews in rather melodramatic attitudes, Major Playfair holing a putt, Sir David Baird watching the ball in intense excitement, Willie Pirrie, the caddie, waving a pack of clubs over his head, and so on. Lees' second golfing picture, however, representing a foursome at Musselburgh, has hitherto been wholly unknown. The reason, apparently, is that when first exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy it was bought by one who was not a golfer and taken to Canada. The son of the original purchaser, Mr. Walter Brown, is, however, an enthusiastic player, and he showed it to his fellow golfers and has now allowed this reproduction to be made. The picture, as we learn from the *American Golf Illustrated*, went to Germany for the plate to be made and was shipped back just before the war. Few prints have so far been made and the plate still remains in a somewhat precarious situation in Germany. Charles Lees, the painter, was born in Cupar in Fifeshire in 1800, and was at one time a pupil of Raeburn. He was one of the earliest Fellows of the Royal Scottish Academy, and it was chiefly in Scotland that he was known. He was at one time of his very versatile career an historical painter, and among his pictures are "The Murder of Rizzio," "The Death of Cardinal Beaton" and "John Knox in Prison." He also painted portraits and landscapes, and was especially fond of scenes of outdoor life, painting pictures not only of golfers, but of curlers, skaters and hockey players. It will be seen that in the Musselburgh picture he has chosen a very similar scene to that at St. Andrews, and that the players, judging by their attitudes, are again in a state of the tensest excitement. Whether any of the players are identifiable at this time of day we do not know, but in any case the picture is both interesting and engaging, and we have to thank Messrs. Ackermann for their permission to reproduce it.



ON THE LINKS OF MUSSELBURGH.

From a photograph published by A. Ackermann and Sons of 157A, New Bond Street, W., after the original picture by Charles Lees, in the possession of Mr. Walter Brown.

WILD SWANS IN MONTANA.

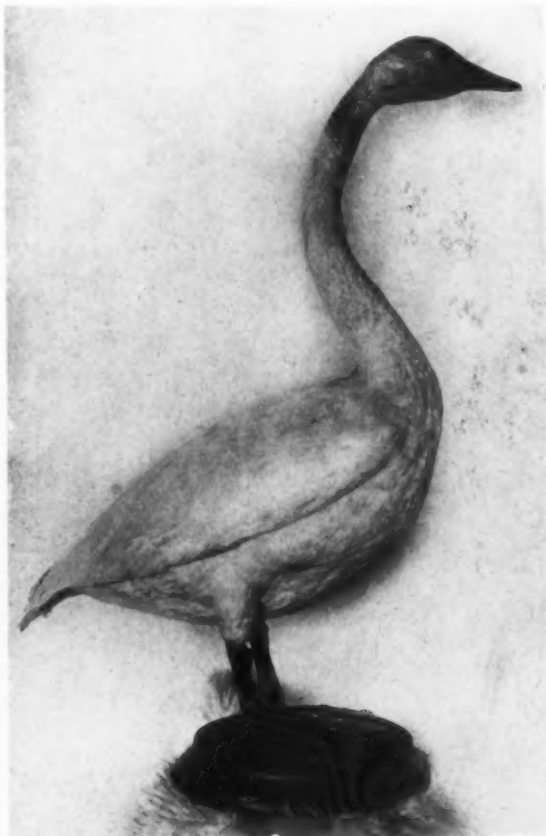


FLAT HEAD LAKE, MONTANA, A LAST HAUNT OF THE TRUMPETER.

TWO species of swan inhabit North America—the trumpeter and the whistling swan. Whistling swans are still quite common on migration in Montana, and large flocks frequent Marshy Lake, where some friends of ours, named Williams, reside. The largest aggregation of whistling swans ever observed upon this lake at one time was that seen by J. H. Holtman, who reported about 1,000 birds on April 10th, 1911, and the next largest flock was one seen by Mr. Felton on April 2nd, 1912, containing 344 birds. Assisted by his topographer, Mr. O. H. Parsons, Mr. Felton endeavoured to photograph the swans; but, owing to their persistence in keeping out of range, and rough water, the results were disappointing. Stimulated by Mr. Felton's letters about the swans, my wife and I started on April 3rd, 1913, in the endeavour to photograph them for ourselves. When we reached the lakeside we counted 125 swans, which were later increased to 170 birds. The swans were grouped upon the south-west shore of the strong alkali lake where the fine mountain stream called Alder Creek flows in. Some were standing upon one leg in two or three inches of water, others floated asleep behind these, with their heads under their wings; and further away, watchful birds, constituting a rearguard, were sailing about. They allowed us to examine them through binoculars for a few minutes, and then all began swimming slowly for the centre

of the lake. Constantly from the swan flock there emanated prolonged "oo's," followed by short clucks an octave lower, or either sound might be heard separately. To state that whistling swans give "whoops" or "woughs," as has been

done by former writers, is undoubtedly correct, but without qualification hardly conveys an adequate idea of the sounds produced. The swans' vigorous "oo's" have, nevertheless, the same plaintive and appealing tone as the more gentle cooing of doves. Upon taking wing, or when arriving on migration, they produce sounds like a slow shake of two notes upon a clarinet. If the flock is large, as in the present instance, so many throats yield a great volume of musical sound. To return to the present occasion. Marshy Lake is roughly in the form of a horseshoe, with the toe pointing north and the two heels facing south. It is picturesquely situated among the foothills of the Highwood Mountains, which are to the south-west, and is divided into two large separate basins by a high promontory. Mr. Williams suggested that my wife should conceal herself with her large camera upon the opposite shore in a natural hollow among rocks, that is, in the side of the hill which partially divided the lake into two. We thought that after the photographer was concealed we might, by judiciously advancing to the water's edge, induce the swans to swim to this point or, alternately, to fly over the rocks if they sought the second lake basin. We tried this



MR. SLOANE'S TRUMPETER.

plan with the assistance of Mr. Felton, and the swans flew past the photographer in five different parties, but too far away for the camera to be operated successfully. The suspicious swans declined to fly over any place which might afford concealment



Sternum of female trumpeter, showing arrangement of trachea.

to a human being, and in my experience, which accords with all the local accounts, are far more wary than ducks. As the swans frequented one spot (which was covered with their tracks and feathers) and always returned to it in five or six hours if frightened away, it occurred to me that a willow "blind" could be made here which would conceal my wife and her camera. This was the more easy, as Alder Creek was fringed with willow thickets nearly to the lake. Accordingly, on the evening of April 14th I enlisted the services of Bob Morrow (in Mr. Williams' employ), who, in a few minutes after the willows were cut, erected a substantial blind, which entirely concealed its occupant on three sides while leaving a space for the lens in front. This blind was constructed about eighty yards from the swans' resting-place, to reach which they swam as near as possible and walked the few remaining yards to the grass. When we had almost completed the work, the whole flock of swans, in three divisions, flew around the point from the further lake basin and made straight for us. They desired to come into the fresh water, from which they had been disturbed in the morning, but at sight of the wagon they pitched about two hundred yards out in the lake. It is a grand sight to see a large flock of swans alight upon the water. Driven through the element by the force of the descent, it ripples from their breasts as from a boat's cut-water, while their outspread wings are folded only when this impetus is spent. Little does the cumbersome gait of these majestic birds, when walking about the banks of the lake, suggest the consummate grace of flight with which they have been so lavishly endowed. At the same time, as is shown in other parts of this account, the loss of a primary, or even of half a quill, will infallibly bring one of these proud high-fliers to the ground.

Success would undoubtedly have crowned the preparation of the blind but for one of those unforeseen events against which it is impossible to guard. When all appeared to be auspicious, at the moment when the swan flock could be seen by the hidden photographer swimming to the accustomed landing place, a strong westerly wind suddenly arose, and rapidly increased to a whole gale, so violent in its intensity that the shallow lake was actually blown back about three hundred yards, the water receding for that distance over the north shore. In consequence thereof, the wind-buffed swans were stopped by a mud flat of a nature so treacherous and holding that they could not advance, but stood disconsolately at the water limit. Debarred from swimming or walking, they might possibly have reached the creek mouth by flying in the teeth of the gale; but photography under such conditions was impossible, and the disappointed artist was forced to seek shelter. Never having seen such a phenomenon before,

I found it difficult to realise what had happened when I reached the ruins of the now prostrate blind, about a quarter of a mile from the water, and beheld the arrested swans standing at the far edge of the intervening wind-swept mud.

Mr. Williams informed me that so far as he knew only three whistling swans had been killed at Marshy Lake during his thirty years' residence. J. H. Holtman shot one of a swan flock with a rifle at long range from a wagon, and also picked up another swan on November 1st, 1911, which had been wounded by some unknown person and floated ashore dead. Mr. W. P. Sullivan (of the Square Butte Ranch) supplied me with full particulars of the third swan, in which he had taken a great interest. In the fall of 1908 a member of a large flock of whistling swans, which settled upon Marshy Lake, was slightly wounded in the wing by a bullet (or, as is more probable, had a flight feather cut away by it), and could not leave with its frightened companions. Mr. Sullivan observed the swan about a dozen times when driving cattle to another ranch near Shonkin, and when returning by the same route. He informed me that after the lake became frozen over, the swan, which was an adult in pure white plumage, by constantly swimming in a circle, kept open a small pond about twenty-five feet wide. Until December 1st he regularly saw the swan upon this pond, which it was able to maintain open, even when the ice was three inches thick upon the rest of the lake. The swan frequently dived, but was, of course, always obliged to come up in the same place on account of the ice; and Mr. Sullivan supposed that the poor bird eked out a scanty subsistence by means of the weeds or other food which it found at the bottom of the lake. The fate of this swan, though not absolutely known, can easily be surmised. Numerous coyotes, which crossed upon the ice, persistently menaced and would have devoured the unfortunate bird but for its self-made asylum; hence, with the advent of colder weather, and consequent freezing up of the open water, it would have undoubtedly become their prey. The above suggests a wintry scene which would be a fitting subject for an artist's brush—the famished prisoner swimming around the dark refuge pool, the scarcely less hungry gaolers patrolling the ice edge and licking their expectant lips, the white world and the onward creeping ice, grim with inexorable fate.

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The trumpeter swan, which twenty years ago was quite common in Montana, has now become exceedingly scarce, and is on the verge of extinction everywhere. Fifty dollars is now freely offered for a skin by ornithologists, but without accepters, and Dr. Louis B. Bishop doubts "if there are



HEAD OF LARGE ST. MARY'S LAKE TRUMPETER, KILLED BY AN INDIAN.



A WHISTLING SWAN.

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twenty trumpeter swans in the collections of the world." In view of the gradual disappearance of this majestic bird, the following recent Montana records are of considerable interest. The finest specimen of a trumpeter swan to be seen in Montana is the one killed on November 15th, 1910, by Mr. Robert Sloane of Kalispell when duck shooting on the shore of Flathead Lake. Having regard to the distance and weather conditions as narrated, the shooter made a remarkable shot. "About three o'clock in the afternoon a violent snow squall arose, and, in the thick of it, my attention was drawn to some white objects which were rising and falling on the waves about a mile off shore. At times these appeared like small sailing boats, but when they drew nearer I distinguished a flock of eight swans led by a splendid snow white bird, whose every movement was followed by the others. Two more of the swans were white and the remaining five dark-coloured. I left my blind, and, running along a cattle trail through the brush to the wagon, took my 30-30 Winchester and returned to the edge of the beach. I then fired at the big leading swan and struck it fairly in the neck at the first shot, although the bird was some 200 yards distant. Upon the death of their leader the rest of the flock momentarily bunched up in bewilderment, but, recovering their wits, made a great commotion as they rose clear of the water." This swan weighed 31lb. and was mounted by Mr. H. P. Stanford of Kalispell. There is a great difference in size between the two species of swan, for while the record weight of a trumpeter is

38lb., the whistling swan has never been known to exceed 20lb. In 1913, an Indian offered for sale at Kalispell an immense trumpeter (from St. Mary's Lake, Glacier Park), which Mr. Stanford thinks might have approached, if it did not equal, the record bird in weight. The fate of this specimen was most unfortunate. The year old

skin stretched upon a St. Andrew's cross of willows, filled with slough grass, was supposed to be thoroughly arsenicated when purchased. This, however, was not the case, as without surface indications the skin was found to be riddled with beetles, and accordingly burned, after the expenditure of a day and a quarter in an effort to save it. Dr. Johnathan Dwight, jun., exhibited the head of this swan at the last meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union in New York.

A trumpeter swan was presented to Mr. R. P. Reckards (President of the Great Falls Park Board), in the fall of 1908, by Mr. G. B. Christian, a flockmaster of Augusta, Montana. One of his shepherds happened to see two southward-bound swans flying over at a great height, and brought down one of them with a rifle. After a long chase, aided by his dog, he captured the bird, which had sustained no injury except the loss of a single flight feather. The swan, a magnificent adult, was placed in the park; but as the bird was not pinioned it escaped, after moulting, to the near-by Missouri, where it was shot by a boy. I cannot leave the subject of the Great Falls Park without referring to the pair of mute swans which form such an attraction to visitors. For several years they showed no signs of nesting until, through the exertions of Mr. Berners B. Kelly (who came from Abbotsbury, Dorsetshire, and had experience with swans), an artificial island was constructed in the centre of the lake. A cartload of hay and other material having been conveyed thither, the swans showed their appreciation of these efforts by nesting upon

the island in the summer of 1912. Six eggs were laid, from which six cygnets were safely reared to maturity. It was considered a record at the time, but a correspondent of COUNTRY LIFE for June 21st, 1913 (Mr. John H. Badger), gave an instance, with a photograph, of a swan which reared no less than twelve cygnets! The same bird had brought up eleven cygnets two years previously. As the writer says: "This is indeed a record in cygnet-rearing." The male swan at Great Falls was a most devoted parent, and on one occasion attacked a bulldog which was swimming too near the island. The latter retaliated in self-defence, but was held under water until drowned by the infuriated bird.

The trumpeter has an entirely different call note to the whistling swan, and may be easily distinguished from the latter by the voice alone. By all observers the sound has been compared to a hunting horn or trumpet, from which the bird derived its name of buccinator. It was ingeniously suggested by Dr. Cooper, as quoted by Baird, Brewer and Ridgway in "Water Birds of North America" (Vol. I, page 431), that these sonorous blasts are due to the arrangement of the elongated windpipe, which coils like a tube of a trumpet or trombone when it enters the sternum. (Compare Pycraft on "Instrumental Music," page 166, and "Adaptations," page 402, of "A History of Birds," where the subject is fully explained.) Mr. H. P. Stanford, who knows more about wild swans than anyone else in Montana, informs me that the Kootenai Indian name for swan is "Ko koh,"

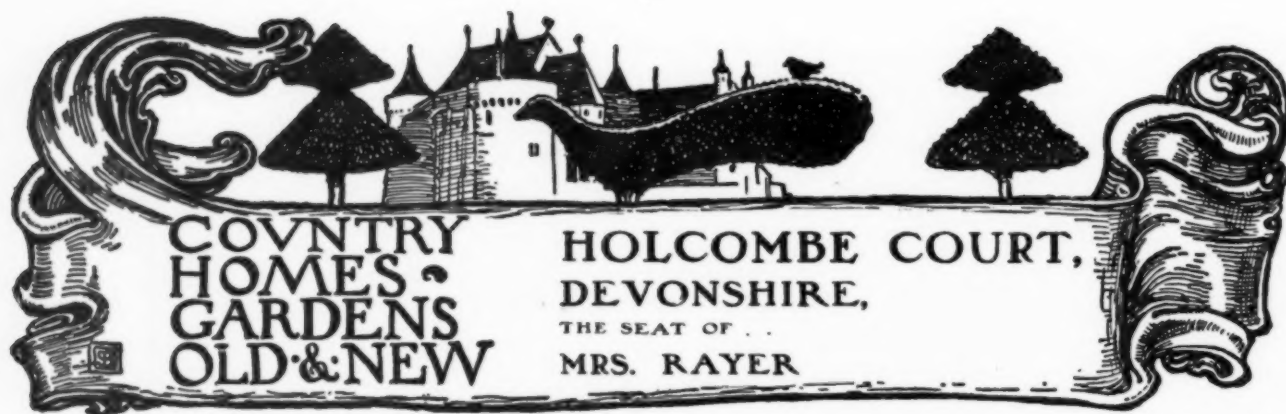
pronounced with an imitable guttural intonation, which is a very good reproduction of the notes of the trumpeter swan. From this fact he infers that these Indians, who are born naturalists, were less familiar with whistling swans than with trumpeters, since the latter birds delayed longer on passage, while many pairs remained to



MUTE SWANS IN GREAT FALLS PARK.

breed around Lake Rodgers (twenty miles west of Kalispell and Swan Lake, on the east side of Flathead Lake). In 1884, at Fort Benton, Montana, when listening by the Missouri River to the approaching calls of trumpeter swans, Mr. Stanford witnessed an extraordinary occurrence, which is here narrated in his own words: "It must first be explained that two wooden towers, 90ft. high, built after the fashion of the regulation Pennsylvania oil derrick, faced each other on opposite sides of the river. Between them was suspended a wire cable some 1,300ft. long, and by its means the ferryboat was operated with the usual 'traveller' and guys. In early winter, about 11 a.m., being a boy at the time, I happened to be at this spot, which was a little way up stream from the foot of Baker Street. There was a slight snow flurry, and the river was running full of broken ice from the falls above. Suddenly I was attracted to the passing of southbound swans by the loud and well known 'Ko-koh' call. As I watched to see the birds, a party of five full-grown and swift flying swans came into view, when, to my great astonishment, three of their number struck the ferry cable and fell inert into the river. They floated off down stream, to all appearance dead. There was no chance to get them, as boats were few and far between, and owing to the drift ice the attempt would have been a trifle foolhardy. At the date mentioned countless flocks of swans, snow geese and Canada geese habitually passed over twice a year, and the incident referred to occasioned no comment."

E. S. CAMERON.



THE old Court House stands, like so many residences of its period, at the head of the main street of the village of Holcombe Rogus, in North Devon, where it borders on Somersetshire. One wing was pulled down some sixty years ago, having been allowed to fall into disuse and ruin when the fortunes of its former owners were waning; but this was composed of a suite of State apartments, erected in Jacobean times, and the main body of the house which remains is complete in itself as a specimen of an early Tudor mansion. The village, which is built on a rock of blue marble, appears in Domesday Book, and derives its first name from Holt, a wood, and Combe, a valley. The second title "may," says an ancient writer, "cause some to take up a scandalous opinion of the place, as if it fetched its original from Rogues or Bondmen that some time lived here." Far from this, however, it is derived from "a very ancient and knightly family," Lords thereof, as far back as the days of Henry I. Rogus FitzSymon, Jordan Fitzrogon, Sir Symon FitzRogus and so on for seven generations, lived on the site of the present house.

The last heiress of the FitzRogus family married a Cheseldene, and three generations later the last daughter of the line of Cheseldene was wed to John Bluet of Grenham, a manor three miles distant, now converted into a farmhouse, in the village of Greenham. Sir Walter Bluet had come from Daglingworth in Gloucestershire, where he was born in 1296, to marry Christiana, the daughter and heiress of Sir Simon Grenham and of Julian his wife, daughter of Jordan de Rogus. John Bluet was his grandson. The family claimed

to be derived by a long line of noble ancestors from Sir William Bluet or Bloet, a Knight of Brittany, who came to England with the Conqueror. During their long tenure of Holcombe, which, in the male line, lasted till 1856, they intermarried with many of the important families of the west, and the arms of the St. Maurs, Portmans, Grenvilles, Chichesters, Blounts of Mountjoy, Wallops, and others appear in their quarterings. Among the notable members of the family, John, the first possessor through his wife, Maud Cheseldene, was Sheriff of Devon in the twenty-third year of the reign of Henry VI., Roger Bluet was a friend of the Lord Protector Somerset, and Colonel Francis Bluet was a soldier who distinguished himself in the wars of the Low Countries and afterwards became a Royalist commander under Charles I. He was killed in the siege of Lyme Regis, "leading on his soldiers with undaunted resolution, even home to the enemies' works." A family record says: "Blake, the famous Parliamentary General, had the command at Lyme Regis at the time of Bluet's death, and he and Bluet had been old friends, and had served in the same campaign somewhere abroad. Blake having observed the gallant behaviour of his friend, when he was killed, sent to request he might take the body into the town, upon an offer of giving it a handsome coffin, and then returned and carried it to Holcombe, where it was buried with military honours. Colonel Bluet's naked sword was placed on his grave, where it remained for many years." It was Roger Bluet who, in the reign of Edward VI., built the house of which the main body still stands almost unaltered. The mansion has its principal entrance under a lofty porch tower.



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THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

An oriel window, below which are carved the Bluet arms, is corbelled out over the doorway, and continues, with repetition of the arched lights, to the three upper storeys of the tower. A stair-turret, attached to the tower and lighted by windows of its own, adds much to the picturesque effect. The main front is occupied by the hall, to the right of the tower, and beyond it the present dining-room, whose large bay window forms a balcony to the principal bedchamber above, over which, again, runs the long gallery. No creepers are allowed

away and the present small balcony substituted. The brass candelabrum in the hall is a fine specimen of the reign of Queen Anne. There are four Tudor doorways at the west or buttery end of the hall. Two of these are divided horizontally for passing the dishes and resting them on the hatch. The third door has a raised step within and a little wicket just large enough to pass cups through, showing the butler's station. The remaining door gives access to a fine newel stair which leads to the three small rooms over the porch. The first of



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TOWER AND ORIEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to clothe the walls, so that its lines can be seen with accuracy. The roof of the porch is of hewn oak, and is probably older than the great hall. The latter has a flat plaster ceiling ribbed in compartments, and a coved cornice. The house was considerably altered and modernised in 1591, by a later Roger Bluet on his marriage to one of the Chichesters. The long gallery, of which more anon, was built in as an upper storey to the great hall, the minstrel gallery was cleared

these was the muniment room, and is curiously wainscoted with little carvings of the seasons, the five senses, etc., and the arms of Bluet, Portman and Chichester. Half way up the newel stair a door opens to the drawing-room on the first floor. The fireplace has a heraldic tableau, with the date 1591 carved about it, and on the opposite side of the room a doorway opens to the great hall, into which you look down from a small oak gallery.



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THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

At the further end of the hall you go through to the chief staircase, which passes round a core of masonry, and belongs to the Tudor period, before the more imposing well staircase with its carved balustrading was introduced. This stair passes the first floor and ascends by solid, hewn oak steps to the long gallery, sixty-seven feet long, which runs the whole length of the roof, its low coved ceiling ornamented with simple but excellent ribbed mouldings. This is the "long gallery" of Elizabethan manors, where the maids and young gentlewomen, who were often attached to the great houses, sat to work at their embroidery. The cells, of which a number, lighted by

The dining-room is low and of moderate size, but has a fine trabeated ceiling, with graceful mouldings, in which the Tudor rose is conspicuous on the flat plaster ribs. The walls have been panelled in Jacobean times with a classic design and cornice, and have large fluted Ionic pilasters.

A door in the panelling of the drawing-room discloses a secret staircase in the thickness of the wall leading to an adjoining bedroom, and such another passage has been opened up from the tower stair to the roof chamber. A fine carved ceiling of early Tudor character was moved from an upper room which was falling into ruin, and is now in the library in the rebuilt part of the house.



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HOLCOMBE COURT: THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

mullioned windows, open from the gallery, were presumably their sleeping chambers, in which they were under the vigilant eye of the "mistress of the maids." An apartment larger than the other cells, and placed at the top of the stairs, may very well have been the sanctum of this personage, who could thus see that no one went in or out without her consent. As the gallery is very hot in summer and bitterly cold in winter, with no means of warming, we can form an idea of the endurance which was demanded of the women of the household in the days of good Queen Bess.

The grounds are not large, but the house stands well, with a stone parapet surrounding the courtyard, below which are a succession of fish ponds, on which at one time the family must have depended to some extent for its food supply. The stables have been rebuilt, but there still stands at the side of the house a fine old columbarium of circular form. "In mediæval times Lords of Manors, Religious Houses . . . were entitled to have dovecots and culver-houses in which an immense number of pigeons were kept." With the pigeons, fish from the ponds and game from the great woods near, the

inmates of the Manor could live well.

A small oak panelled room behind the buttery hatch, which appears to be the oldest part of the house, is known to tradition as the Judge's Room. When the flooring of this was taken up only a few years ago, bones and bone dust were uncovered. At least one skeleton was found bricked into the walls during alterations in modern times, and two ancient coffins were disinterred just in front of the porch. The Bluets for many generations seem to have been noble gentlemen and good landlords, but before their day we can never know what wild justice and lawless authority may have held sway in the remote West Country and may have found it politic to conceal its traces. All the remains have now been removed to the churchyard, where judges and victims alike quietly await another tribunal.

The church, which is only separated from the house by the stables, still has the north aisle, built by the Bluets in Henry VII.'s time, and retains a fine open cradle roof in splendid condition. The massive door of entrance is of the same date and has a good bold tower. Within, a singular Jacobean screen, about eight feet high, with sacred scenes carved upon its arches, encloses the court pew. Mortality seems to have been specially busy with the once numerous race of the Bluets. No less than seven possessors of Holcombe died childless, and in the seventeenth century three generations passed away within six weeks. In 1858 it was sold to the Rev. William Rayer, by whose son, William Carew Rayer, the back part of the



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PANELLING IN MUMIMENT ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

house was rebuilt and the remainder restored. His widow, Charlotte, daughter of Admiral Bateman Dashwood, has been for twenty-two years Lady of the Manor, has restored the church tower and built a new vestry; has given the village a supply of pure water, which it had lacked all these centuries, and has also assisted to put in order the old Church House which was falling into decay. This substantial old building, which stands by the church gate, was the priest's house in Queen Elizabeth's time. It has kitchen, refectory and living rooms; the fireplace in the kitchen has a clavel beam of oak, which extends the whole width of the house.



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THE LIBRARY CEILING

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE LONG GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

A subterranean passage from the court to the church was lately blocked up, and there was another said to lead to a hill above, on which was a watch tower, some traces of which still remain. Tradition avers that there was still another, communi-

cating with the Priory of Canonsleigh, whose ruins spread over a meadow in the valley below Burlescombe, more than a mile distant as the crow flies; but stories of this sort must be received with all reserve.

E. MARCH PHILLIPPS.



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HOLCOMBE ROGUS CHURCH: THE BLUET PEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

SCIENCE AT LEISURE.—IV.

TEETH OF GREAT BEASTS FROM THE BASE OF THE EAST ANGLIAN CRAG.

By SIR RAY LANKESTER, K.C.B., F.R.S.

WE have seen that the nodule bed at the base of the Red and Coralline Crag of Suffolk consists not only of lumps of phosphatised clay, but of immense quantities of bones and teeth of great marine animals—whales and great sharks—which were embedded in an earlier Pliocene deposit which sometimes adheres to them and also occurs as water-rolled nodules of sandstone—the box-stones—containing the hollow casts of peculiar shells. This deposit, though long ago broken up here and redeposited at the first incursion of the Crag sea, still exists intact as a greeny-grey mass of sands in Belgium full of unrolled bones and shells underlying a later deposit of Yellow Crag which is coeval with our Red and Coralline Crag. Among the marine animals of the box-stone or Diestian period are seals and a huge walrus, the tusks of which are found in Suffolk and were regarded by collectors as belonging to a kind of elephant until I showed that they were those of a walrus which I named *Trichechus Huxleyi*, after my friend and master, the great biologist and philosopher.

This ancient shore line in Suffolk, where successive deposits were laid down, broken up and redeposited, coincides very closely with the present coast line of South Suffolk. Ever since the uprising of the great chalk formation from the depths of the sea, where it had accumulated—that is to say, during the whole of the Tertiary period—Eocene, Miocene, Pliocene and Pleistocene—there has been a shore line not far from that which now exists in this region. Sometimes—that is to say, in some geologic epochs—the sea has spread ten miles or so inland from the present coast, sometimes the dry land has risen and extended ten miles or so where now is sea. In the Pleistocene period—subsequent to the date of the Red Crag—the whole of East Anglia was submerged in an ice-ridden sea. In the earlier Miocene period there was land right across from the east coast of these islands to Scandinavia and Holland, so that we find no marine deposit of that age in this region. But all the time the land animals of this shifting coast, with its alternately sinking and uprising land surface, left their bones and teeth in the freshwater clays and morasses, and subsequently these became embedded in the marine deposits formed near the shore as the sea advanced now and again over the land. The bones and teeth of land animals are not found at the present day in truly marine deposits of shell, sand and clay formed at depths of some twenty fathoms or more, but only in those formed close to shore in quiet inlets and estuaries where the

superficial accumulations of the land surface are submerged and embedded without much violent destructive action of waves and currents. Thus it is that we find the hard enamel crowns of the teeth of land animals of various geologic epochs—Eocene, Miocene and Pliocene—in the Suffolk nodule bed. These hard resisting enamel crowns have not been dissolved in successive depositing and re-depositing of the strata, though the softer bony fangs of the teeth have generally disappeared. Often, too, the geologically older teeth have been broken by repeated knocking about in the sea, and fragments of them are found.

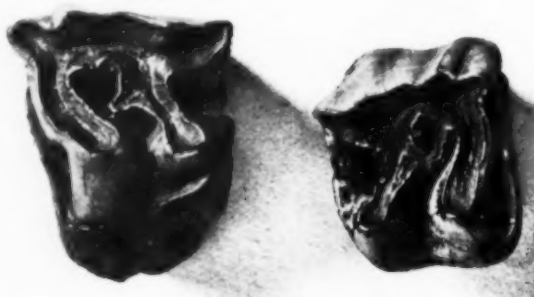


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

Upper molar teeth of the Miocene *Rhinoceros incisivus* (Fig. 1), and *R. Schleiermacheri* (Fig. 2), from the Suffolk nodule bed. Two-thirds the natural size. The specimens are in the Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road.

The study of the teeth of living land animals, such as elephant, rhinoceros, tapir, horse, deer, pig and beasts of prey, has reached such precision that we can recognise not only the "family" or group, but the actual species of animal to which an isolated molar tooth or "grinder" belongs by the shape of the cusps, prominences and valleys on the crown of the tooth and the pattern which these present when rubbed down by the natural use of the tooth. The "coprolite-diggers," in turning over and sifting the nodule bed in the neighbourhood of Ipswich, Woodbridge and Felixstowe, picked out and sold to collectors a great number of such teeth, and these have been carefully studied and identified.

The earliest in age are of the same date as the London Clay, which furnished the clay phosphatised by later contact with early Pliocene deposits of whales' and fishes' bones. A few specimens of the "grinders" of a great extinct mammal of the London Clay (Eocene) age called *Coryphodon*, by Owen, have been found. This was a great five-toed, hoofed mammal, which, though first discovered in the London Clay, has become fully known from deposits of the same age in France and in North America. It has left no modern representatives. Also rarely there have been found in the nodule bed teeth and bits of jaw of another London Clay animal, which is the earliest representative of the direct line of ancestry of the horse. This is the *Hyracotherium* (called *Pliolophus*, by Owen), a small creature only as big as a foxhound, with four toes on its front feet and three on the hind feet, yet undoubtedly, as proved by a long series of intermediate forms found in later Eocene, Miocene and Pliocene deposits, the direct ancestor of our one-toed modern horse.

Then we have more abundant teeth of land-dwelling mammals (the hairy, warm-blooded animals which suckle their



FIG. 3.—View from above of a perfect unworn grinder or molar tooth (the hindmost in the lower jaw) of the Pliocene *Mastodon arvernensis*, from the sub-crag nodule bed near Woodbridge. Two-thirds the natural size. The specimen is in the Natural History Museum.

young) of the next later—the Miocene—age. We can recognise the exact species of animals to which many of these teeth belonged, and find that they are identical with those found in Europe in deposits of Miocene age, later than Eocene and earlier than Pliocene. The land surface in Suffolk in these Miocene times was occupied by the same mammals as those found in beds of Miocene age in Europe, although there exists no marine deposit in Suffolk of that age. The bones and teeth of these Miocene animals were embedded in the land surface, and later were gathered, broken and scattered by the sea—in the early Pliocene period—that of the box-stone deposit or Diestian sands. We know this from the fact that we have found rare specimens such as that shown in Fig. 4, in which the box-stone deposit is still adhering to the tooth. This, of course, proves that the tooth and the animal which owned it existed before the early Pliocene box-stone deposit was laid down. There is quite a long list of these Miocene mammals, of which a few teeth, sometimes only one, have been picked out of the nodule bed. They have to be carefully distinguished from the specimens of teeth of Pliocene land mammals, which also occur and are later in age than the box-stones and the Diestian whales and big sharks. The teeth of Miocene land mammals, which are found in the nodule bed and are earlier than the box-stones, belong to the following species. The least rare (they are all rare) are the grinders of two Miocene species of rhinoceros called *Rhinoceros incisivus* and *Rhinoceros Schleiermacheri*. Two of these grinders are photographed in Figs. 1 and 2. The complete skulls and other bones of these two animals are known from Miocene beds in Germany and France. Then we have the grinders of the three-toed horse, *Hipparion*, well known in the Miocene beds of Europe and easily recognised by the curious undulating outline of the enamel, as seen when the tooth is rubbed down by use; grinders of a Miocene species of tapir, of a large species of pig, of hyæna, of a Miocene genus *Hyaenarctos* representing the later bears, of a cat-like animal of the size of a leopard and of an animal closely similar to the Himalayan panda (*Ælurus*).

But the most remarkable of these Miocene teeth are the more or less broken enamel crowns of the great elephant-like *Mastodons*. In this same nodule bed we find not infrequently the huge grinding teeth of a *Mastodon* (Fig. 3), which is definitely and clearly recognised as the Pliocene *Mastodon arvernensis*—well known in the Pliocene of France and named after the province of Auvergne, where it was discovered. But besides these often complete and handsome specimens there are other specimens—polished and water worn and incomplete—which differ from the teeth of *Mastodon arvernensis*. The teeth of different species of *Mastodon* show high “mamillated” ridges crossing the length of the tooth's surface. They are the same structures as the more numerous transverse ridges of an elephant's grinder. The different species of *Mastodon* differ in regard to these teeth in the fact that in some, as in *Mastodon arvernensis*, the valleys separating the ridges are not clear and open from side to side, but are blocked on one side (as seen in Fig. 3) by a detached cone-like or nipple-like up-growth which looks as though it had been pushed forward from the transverse ridge into its obstructive position in the valley so as to join one ridge to the other. In other species we find the valley quite open from side to side between the successive ridges (Fig. 5). While in some species of *Mastodon* the ridge sides or sides of the valley show a single shallow band of up-grown enamel running across the valley at right angles to it (*M. tapiroides*), in others the ridge sides are smooth and unpleated (*M. Ohioticus* and *M. Borsoni*). We find in the nodule bed imperfect, much knocked about teeth of *Mastodon*, which are shown, by such characters as those first cited, to belong to the Miocene species (*M. tapiroides*).

The most interesting of the Miocene *Mastodons* of the Crag beds is a specimen largely embedded in box-stone (Fig. 4), which is demonstrated by that fact alone to be older than the early Pliocene, which is the age of the box-stone embedding it. This specimen has had an interesting history. It belonged to a collector in Woodbridge, Mr. Baker, who had purchased on market days many beautiful specimens of Crag shells and nodule bed teeth from the “coprolite-diggers.” Many years ago he lent it to me, and I described it and figured it in the *Journal of the Geological Society*, 1870. As is shown in Fig. 4, this tooth has three transverse ridges, with the two intervening valleys filled by box-stone deposit. The *Mastodon arvernensis*, which is the commoner species in the Suffolk nodule bed, belongs to a distinct section of the genus *Mastodon*, which has four ridges on the smaller grinders and five on the hindermost and

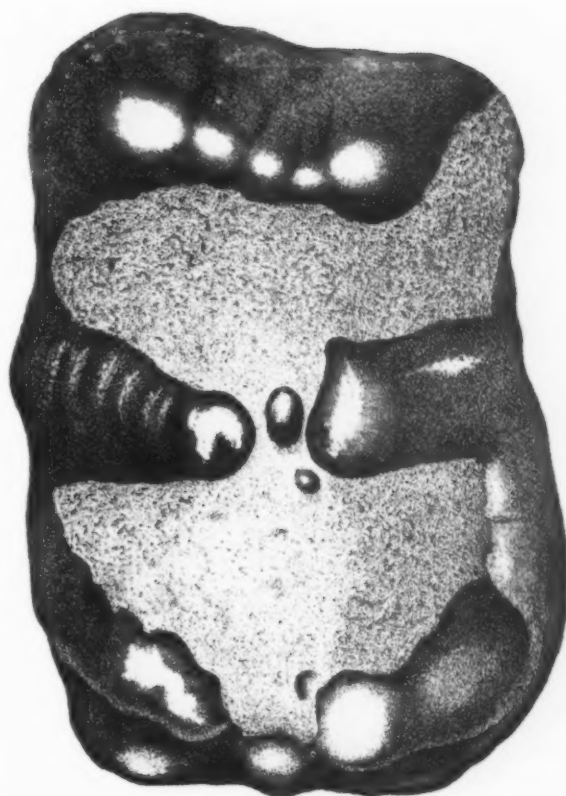


FIG. 4.—Penultimate upper molar tooth of the Miocene *Mastodon angustidens*, showing box-stone matrix filling the valleys between the first and second and the second and third ridges of the tooth. Mr. Baker's specimen from the sub-crag nodule bed of Suffolk.

biggest, as seen in Fig. 3. Mr. Baker's specimen had, as I assured myself, and definitely declared, the enamel crown quite perfect, but there were only three transverse ridges. Hence it could not belong to the species *Mastodon arvernensis*, but



FIG. 5.—The same specimen as that shown in Fig. 4, with the box-stone matrix carefully removed. The specimen is now in the museum of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, York. Figs. 4 and 5 are of the natural size.

must belong to one of the species with three ridges, and I doubtfully referred it to the Miocene species, *Mastodon tapiroides* (Turicensis of Cuvier). The specimen was returned to Mr. Baker, and after his death passed into other hands, and eventually into the York Museum, where it now is. Meanwhile two distinguished authorities (whose names I will not cite, one English and the other French) declared without examining the specimen, and published their "decision," that Mr. Baker's specimen was certainly incomplete, and that really when complete it had possessed a fourth ridge. Accordingly they identified it with *Mastodon longirostris*, a four-ridged species. Nearly thirty years after its first description by me I was kindly allowed to borrow the specimen from the York Museum and to remove by careful chiselling the box-stone material adhering to it. This cleared out the valleys and showed the crown as now drawn in Fig. 5. It is a remarkably broad tooth, with very wide simple valleys, and it undoubtedly belongs to a Miocene species of three-ridged *Mastodon*—no one doubts it now—probably a broad-toothed variety of *Mastodon augustidens* which occurs abundantly in the Miocene of France and of Germany.

We now come to the question as to what teeth among those found in the nodule bed are to be considered as belonging to mammals of the Pliocene age, and therefore living on the Suffolk land surface later than the box-stone formation, which is early Pliocene. What mammals were living in Suffolk at the period immediately preceding the incursion of the sea which deposited in a very quiet and curious way firstly the nodule bed below the Coralline

Crag and then the evenly stratified Coralline Crag with its unbroken shells in somewhat deeper water, which was as warm as some sub-tropical seas of to-day? What land animals were there when later this sea became suddenly chilled by the breaking into it of northern waters and the presence of ice floating on its surface and of land ice on its coasts? This later cold phase was that of the Red Crag with its boreal shells. The nodule bed and much of the Coralline Crag deposited above it was probably turned over by this cold sea and redeposited, while great flints a foot by a foot and a half in size, first observed by Lyell in this connection, were carried, as he says, by floating ice and dropped quietly, without attrition by waves and currents, among the *débris* forming the nodule bed, as we now find it below the Red Crag. The nodule bed below the Red Crag differs from the nodule bed as we find it below the Coralline Crag in the presence of these great ice-carried flints and of immense numbers of large fractured (but not water-rolled or water-worn) pieces of iron-stained flint. It seems fairly certain that the great grinding teeth or molars of the Pliocene *Mastodon*, which are more abundant than any other mammalian teeth in the nodule bed below the Red Crag, belonged to animals which lived at this

later period just before the shelly crag was deposited, but not during its deposition. Their remains were carried, without much destruction by the waters of the invading sea together with the older remains of Miocene land animals, into that curious wash-up of phosphatic clay, teeth of older land animals, box-stone nodules, and whales' bones and sharks' teeth, which is called the sub-crag nodule bed or coprolite bed. The teeth of *Mastodon arvernensis* from this "wash-up" are distinctly different in their state of preservation from the older Miocene teeth. The enamel crowns are crisp and fresh, not water-worn as seen in Fig. 3, and in some cases, as for instance in the broken but unrubbed specimen photographed in Fig. 6, a large part of the soft, bony fang of the great tooth is still attached to it.

It is difficult in such a mass of *remanié* specimens of different ages and histories to make out whether any of the animals whose smaller and much water-worn teeth occur with the more perfect grinders of *Mastodon arvernensis* should be considered as having lived with that animal on the Suffolk land surface. I have already above expressed the opinion that most of these smaller teeth belong to an earlier Miocene period, but it is probable that the teeth of large species of deer and perhaps those of a beaver and some others which we find in the nodule bed were contemporaries of the Pliocene *Mastodon*.

Some light is thrown on this question by what has been observed some forty miles further north at and near Norwich, where beds coeval with the later beds

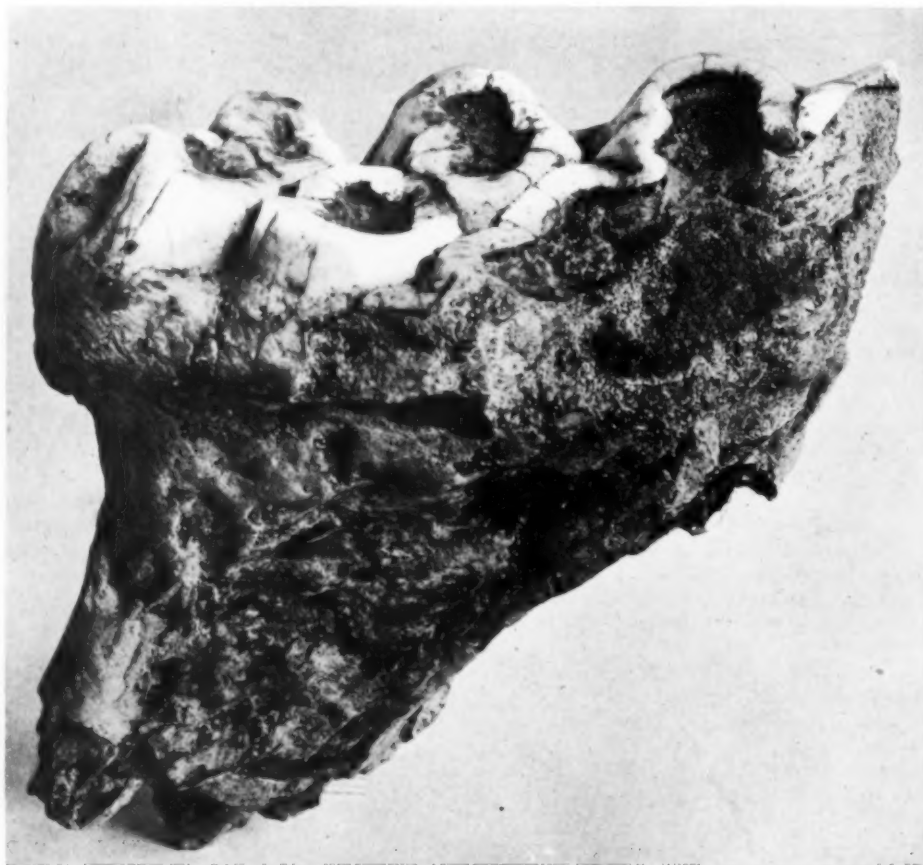


FIG. 6.—Side view (of the natural size) of a partly broken grinder or molar tooth of the Pliocene *Mastodon arvernensis*, from the sub-crag nodule bed near Woodbridge, Suffolk. The specimen is remarkable for showing a large portion of the bony fang of the tooth still attached to the enamel crown, and is in the Ipswich Museum.

of the shelly Red Crag exist and are called Norwich Crag. There is no Coralline Crag in this Norfolk area, nor is there any London Clay nor are there remnants of Diestian early Pliocene beds in the shape of box-stones and whales' bones. The Norwich Crag rests on the chalk, and is separated from it by a bed of densely packed angular and fractured flints much resembling, but distinguishable from, those found in the Suffolk bone bed. It was called by the Rev. John Gunn the Norwich "stone bed." Now, in that bed and in close relation to it the teeth of the great Pliocene *Mastodon arvernensis* are found. The first one on record was found at Happesburgh Cliff. The only other teeth recorded from the Norwich Crag are those of deer, the antlers of which are also found. The teeth of the various land animals which we have noted from the Suffolk sub-crag nodule bed in addition to *M. arvernensis*, viz., the Miocene *Mastodon tapiroides* and *angustidens*, *Rhinoceros incisivus* and *Schleiermacheri*, *Tapir*, *Hipparion*, *Hyænarctos*, *Hyæna* and others have not been found in association with *Mastodon arvernensis* in the Norwich area. The explanation of that appears to be that these earlier Miocene animals did not exist in the Norwich area, or at any rate that the conditions

there were not such as to favour their preservation, while at a later Pliocene period, when they had disappeared, *Mastodon arvernensis* arrived both in the Suffolk and the Norwich area, together with certain deer and some other animals. Thus we seem, to be justified in separating the Pliocene land fauna of Suffolk and Norfolk from the earlier Miocene fauna of Suffolk, the fragmentary teeth of which have got mixed up in the Suffolk bone bed with the comparatively well preserved teeth of the later Pliocene fauna, which is chiefly represented there by the *Mastodon arvernensis*.

Complicated as this history is and difficult to unravel, it is rendered more difficult and it becomes a matter of greater

significance and importance that we should unravel it, by the fact that in the nodule bed of Suffolk beneath the Red Crag, and in the "stone-bed" of Norfolk beneath the Norwich extension of the Red Crag deposit, we have lately discovered many and various flint implements of skilful workmanship proving the presence of man on this land surface, before the nodule bed and the stone bed and the superposed shelly Red Crag had been deposited as we at present see them, and therefore at a much earlier date than that of the well known rough flint implements found in the gravels of the river terraces of England and France.

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE.

VERSE NEW AND OLD.

A Peck o' Maut, by Patrick R. Chalmers. (Maunsel.)

Ballads of the Forty-five, by Walter Clifford Meller. (Bell.)

England, My England: A War Anthology, by George Goodchild. (Jarrold.)

Three Oxford Garlands: Echoes from the Classics, Poems on Life, Poems on Travel, selected by R. M. Leonard. (Milford.)

The Golden Garden of the Poets: Lyrics of Love and Friendship, arranged by May Byron. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

NEITHER war nor any other calamity seems to interfere with the publication of verse. Good, bad and indifferent, the stream flows on regardless of what is happening, and on the whole it is good that this should be so. A mighty struggle like that in which we are engaged cannot fail to produce an exaltation of mind which is closely akin to the high-strung mood in which the best poetry is written and read. We place first on the list of poetry books before us a volume of verse not so remarkable for its strong inspiration as for its lightness and delicacy. Our readers, perhaps, may remember a previous work by Mr. Patrick Chalmers called "Green Days and Blue Days." It stood out from the casual poetry of the day by reason of certain well marked features. The author showed himself possessed of a smiling humour, a fine sense of colour and form, an appreciation of the lighter aspects of sport and the very spirit of the open air. These characteristics are even more pronounced in his new volume, which he calls *A Peck o' Maut* in allusion to that which Willie brew'd "And Rob and Allan cam to see." He tells us in a preliminary note that two of these numbers have appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*, the rest, with two exceptions, in *Punch*. That raises a very interesting question. We have a very high appreciation of our humorous contemporary, and yet one feels a doubt whether it is good for a real poet, as opposed to a clever versifier, to contribute constantly to it. No burden weighs more heavily on the mind than that of being obliged to be funny, and whoever *must* be funny ends in being like the Scotch editor who jocked w' deeficulty. In a considerable number of pieces which compose this volume the effect is visible enough. The author starts well, as one who had conceived a brilliant idea, but too often he weakens as he goes on and ends feebly. It is a possible explanation that the exigency of the printer is to blame. Every man is the best judge of what quickens his intellect, but an admirer of the work done by Mr. Chalmers may perhaps be permitted to suggest that he would achieve still greater distinction if for a time at least he avoided serial publication. That being said, it is only fair to add that many of the poems show a very considerable advance in technique and general mastery over those in the earlier volume. The following is a fine example of the manner in which Mr. Chalmers turns an apparently trivial theme to excellent account. No humour is quite perfect without a pinch of salt; that is to say, or at least a faint suggestion of pathos. Mr. Chalmers has got that into his cat as much as Gray into his.

The tortoiseshell cat
She sits on the mat,
As gay as a sunflower she;
In orange and black you see her blink,
And her waistcoat's white, and her nose is pink,
And her eyes are green of the sea.
But all is vanity, all the way;
Twilight's coming and close of day,
And every cat in the twilight's grey,
Every possible cat.

The tortoiseshell cat
She is smooth and fat,
And we call her Josephine,
Because she weareth upon her back
This coat of colours, this raven black,
This red of the tangerine.
But all is vanity, all the way;
Twilight follows the brightest day,
And every cat in the twilight's grey,
Every possible cat.

This will stand comparison with Gray's

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to every watery god
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom or Susan heard:
A favourite has no friend!

There are many other pieces that we would have liked to quote, such as "The Badger"—

A simple gentleman
In sober grey.

An exquisite poem, "Below the Weir," is too long for quotation in full, but we must give one verse:

O dancing stream, O diamond day,
O charm of lilac-time and May,
O whispering meadows green and gay,
O fair things past believing!
Could but the world stand still, stand still
When over wood and stream and hill
This morn's eternal miracle
The rosy Hours are weaving!

A Peck o' Maut will give delight to all who love the best of all poetry that is the poetry of the open air.

Mr. Walter Clifford Meller is an absolute Jacobite of the type prevalent in the good old days of Squire Western. "Bonnie Prince Charlie" exercises over him the same fascination that he threw over the Highlanders of the '45—"He is the very last of the sons of Romance. If Arthur heads the list, Charles ends it. After the '45 all history becomes matter-of-fact, dull, and mediocre." An astonishing statement this, if taken seriously! Mr. Meller can scarcely open a daily paper without getting tales of high romance beside which that of the young Pretender fades into insignificance. Nevertheless, we read his book with interest. The rebellion of 1745 was a notable and romantic incident in the history of Scotland, and in the notes preceding the poems Mr. Meller has brought together a number of the most poignant and arresting stories relating to it. Nevertheless, his poetic attainment is not commensurate with his zeal. The so-called ballads are really lyrical in character, and are obviously inspired by Professor Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." The echo is very distinctly audible in such lines as:

Have ye seen the blue sea sleeping,
Sleeping as but rest it knew,
Never whitened by the foam froth
Or the winter's storms that blew,
Or the dark loch in the mountains
As a painted looking-glass
That the wild spates of the corries
Never could its bright gates pass?

The anthologist is as busy as the original writer. Of Mr. Goodchild's *England, My England*, it is enough to insinuate that it might have been very much better. Of the recent poems which he has reprinted, the only one that is really good is that of Thomas Hardy:

Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cock say
Night is growing gray
To hazards whence no tears can win us
Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away.

For the rest, there is too much of Walt Whitman, and one does not quite understand why Mrs. Hemans gets quoted in a war anthology. On the other hand, we are glad that Bret Harte is well represented.

Those little Oxford Garlands are extremely interesting. They seem to represent the notebook of a cultivated reader who has many predilections and also not a few prejudices. In the *Echoes from the Classics* there are many verses of which we are glad to be reminded, such as Barham's "Eheu Fugaces":

What Horace says is,
Eheu fugaces
Anni labuntur, Postume, Postume!
Years glide away, and are lost to me, lost to me!
Now, when the folks in the dance sport their merry toes,
Taglionis and Ellsers, Duvernays and Ceritos,
Sighing I murmur, 'O mihi prateritos!'

It is very difficult to distinguish between *Echoes from the Classics* and *Poems on Life*. Either might be the second volume of the other. *Poems on Travel* is a very interesting little book. One cannot help thinking that the many poets who have sung of Bruges would have much to add to what they wrote if they had lived till to-day. How strange will those beautiful lines read to the visitor who goes there after the war is over:

The Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined
In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet song,
In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,
And with devout solemnities entwined—

Miss May Byron has hit on the ingenious idea of arranging poets "in a certain sequence, so that as far as possible they may assimilate themselves to the order of Nature in a garden throughout the year." Thus the sub-titles of Spring are "First Thoughts of Love," "The Wooing," "Portrait of the Beloved," "Melancholy and Wistful Love," "Love Himself in Various Disguises" and "Love of Mother and Child." The idea is pretty, even though a little artificial. The illustrations do not satisfy, simply because illustration is impossible of such lines as

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight.

The phantom, we may be sure, would appear differently to everyone who imagined her. And so it is with almost every picture. How can a painter give form and colour to that vision of William Morris:

My lady seems of ivory
Forehead, straight nose, and cheeks that be
Hollow'd a little mournfully.
Beata mea Domina!

JOACHIM'S LETTERS.

Letters From And To Joseph Joachim, selected and translated by Nora Bickley. (Macmillan.)

THIS well translated selection from Joachim's correspondence is, for a particular reason, fortunate in the moment of its publication. Joachim's friends would have been glad of it at any time, no doubt, as they would be glad of anything to remind them of a man who gave to genius so kindly and lovable a charm. But those of us who only knew Joachim as a venerable figure caressing a violin and spreading the lucidity of great music on the stage of a concert hall might in other days have found his letters, and those of his circle, a little mild in their simplicity and a little vague in their expression of the meaning of music to a musician. Joachim's pen was not the instrument of form and finish that his bow was, and his letters have more geniality and good feeling than incisiveness. But their peculiar interest, here and now, is that they admit one straight into a world the nature of which it is easy to forget; a world of fine enthusiasm, of warm companionship—a rational world, in the sense that it revolves entirely round one great and genuine value—a world of whole-hearted devotion to the idea of beauty—the world of sound, high, honourable music. It is a deep and not an idle satisfaction to be received for a while into that region. Clara Schumann, Brahms, Joachim and the rest of the circle moved in an atmosphere so breath-able and humane, with so much of the radiance of genius and so little of the nervous extravagance or tension of other artistic (even musical) groups, that the record of their communion brings us sharply back to the sense that such dedication to beauty, pure and profound, represents that which is lasting and universal among all nations. When the music of Brahms is played we have beauty that is German to its heart's core, yet it

is beauty for which the boundaries of race or language have no existence. We hear a good deal of wild talk about national hates and antagonisms, but while it is possible for great art to be intensely national, yet world-wide in its freedom, we need not begin to think that loyalty to a nation and loyalty to the world are incompatible ideas, or that nations must either eternally fall out or else be merged in a colourless cosmopolitanism. None the less, it is, no doubt, true that if this particular group of admirable artists had been less genial, less modest, more quarrelsome, their letters would have made more vivacious reading. It is a curious fact that whereas painters and poets can nearly always tell us interesting things about their art, things that make us a little understand what it is like to be a painter or a poet, musicians hardly ever (with one or two very notable exceptions) seem able to do so. The letters in this book are full of music—music pervades the lives of the writers, yet their actual talk about music is curiously unsatisfying. It is merely the kind of generalised enthusiasm we could all put into words. Their own feelings, as we know, were precise enough; on a historic occasion they were formally enunciated, as a protest against another school, the noisy and showy romance of Liszt and his followers. That protest is usually thought of as directed against the mighty figure of Wagner, but that is because Wagner, the one commanding genius of the group, now stands out almost alone, the lesser names forgotten. As a matter of fact, Brahms at least recognised Wagner's power, and the protest now stands in its dignity on a field from which those it was really aimed at have disappeared. There is a letter in this collection from Joachim to Liszt which shows with what a weighty sense of responsibility the "classical" group took up its attitude of disapproval. There was no joy of battle in them. It was a sincere grief to these kindly people to feel themselves forced to introduce a note of controversy into the service of art. But Joachim could speak plainly when he felt that plain speech was owed to the majesty of music. "Your music," he writes to Liszt in 1857, "is entirely antagonistic to me; it contradicts everything with which the spirits of our great ones have nourished my mind from my earliest youth. If it were thinkable that I could ever be deprived of, that I should ever have to renounce, all that I learned to love and honour in their creations, all that I feel music to be, your strains would not fill one corner of the vast waste of nothingness. . . . I can be of no assistance to you, and I can no longer allow you to think that the aims for which you and your pupils are working are mine." Wagner's much less stately and reluctant fashion of conducting controversies makes these old clashes of temperament more entertaining, and it is not for biting phrases or brilliant characterisations that we shall turn from his amazing autobiography to Joachim's good-hearted letters. But the strife and clamour of the romantic school is all very well and all very stimulating in times of peace. We now know of other times when the passionate desire, not for tumultuous romance, but for the classic vision of fineness and form and finish, seems to indicate the greatest need of a distraught and angered world. Such is the time of the publication of Joachim's letters, and the most brilliantly written manifesto could not point the lesson better.

Mrs. Martin's Man, by St. John G. Ervine. (Maunsel and Co.)

FROM the author of so striking a play as "Mixed Marriage" we expect a striking novel, and Mr. Ervine does not disappoint us. He writes of the places and people he knows best; his scene is again laid near Belfast, and it is not difficult to see in imagination his characters played by Miss Sarah Allgood and Mr. Sinclair and to hear the words as they would speak them. "It's a gran' city, Belfast," says Mrs. Martin as she stands looking down on the shipyards. "All them people hammerin' away together and makin' big boats to sail the world. That's gran'!" Mr. Ervine certainly makes us feel something of the bigness of Belfast, and a good deal of its grimness and hardness. He deals with rather a hard and gloomy life, though it has plenty of lights as well as shades. At one time his story seems gradually to be working up to some culminating tragedy, but the one big tragic event does not come, and he ends, more truly to life perhaps, on a note of humdrum unhappiness. Mrs. Martin's husband is a fine piece of character drawing. A rough, brutal and dominating creature, when he is young he has a kind of power that can make his wife give up her respectable family for his sake and can subdue to his will her pretty sister Esther. When, after a long absence, he comes back, and older and broken, the roughness remains but the strength and attraction have all gone; nothing but a pitiful hulk of a man is left. The change in the man, very subtly and skilfully drawn, is as good as anything in the book. Mrs. Martin is admirable, too, a determined, practical woman, made a little hard by rough usage, and yet with tender and ovable qualities. Mr. Ervine is hardly cheering, but he is tremendously well worth reading, even at the cost of a little gloom.

SOME BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Burke's Peerage, Knightage and Baronage, 1915. For comprehensive-ness and completeness it would be difficult to beat the invaluable *Burke*, and quite impossible, we should imagine, to find any point in connection with the Royal Families or the British aristocracy which cannot be settled by reference to its pages. Although the present *Burke*, the seventy-seventh edition, a magnificent volume of nearly three thousand pages, represents the work of more than one lifetime, the historical portions are revised every year with meticulous care, and at the same time every recent occurrence is incorporated—births, marriages, deaths and every new honour conferred. As evidence of the excellence of the editing and the way in which corrections, practically to date, are made, it may be noted that the present volume includes the death of Sir John Barker, which occurred on December 16th, and that of Sir H. F. Grey on the next day, while the addenda brings the happenings up to December 19th. The honours given by the King in France are included, i.e., the Order of Merit to General Sir John French, the Garter to the King of the Belgians, the Bath to General Joffre, and the St. Michael and St. George to other French generals, and all the D.S.O.'s and V.C.'s conferred up to December 19th, and the deaths of three baronets—Sir Henry Burnaby (fifth baronet), Sir Richard H. K. Farmer

(fifth baronet) and Sir George Compton Reade (ninth baronet)—who had long been lost sight of, are now recorded. This is certainly bringing the compilation up to date.

Who's Who is one of the books that gets yearly larger, fuller and more invaluable. It is really quite pitiful to imagine how we should or could get on without it. There are so many occasions in life when it is essential to know accurately what somebody has done or even whom he married, or what are the letters that should come after his name, and *Who's Who* is then our one hope and prop. Moreover, apart from its extreme usefulness, it fulfils a secondary purpose in being very amusing reading. Nothing is easier than to open it strictly on business and continue to read it for pleasure. It is, to give a single example, extremely entertaining to find a distinguished gentleman who says that his club is "his wife's tea table" and enumerates his recreations as follows: "Riding on horse, camel, ass, bicycle, top of a motor-bus; talking to simple hard-working people; looking at flowers and picking fruit in a garden; taking a sun bath; thinking of the queer things of life; swimming."

The English Woman's Year Book for 1915 maintains its usual high standard of excellence, and now forms an invaluable addition to the library of any woman who takes an active part in public or social life. For those who have yet to make its acquaintance we would explain that it covers practically the whole ground of women's interests. It is divided into two parts, one dealing with education, professions and social life, the other with philanthropic work of all kinds, the various subjects in each case being dealt

with by experts. It is accurately and exhaustively indexed, and has been brought thoroughly up to date in every branch.

Whitaker's Almanack for 1915 is a veritable war edition. While the usual subjects will be found in their accustomed places, the space which last year was devoted to "The World's Peace" and the "Proceedings of The Hague Tribunal" is now given over to a short account of the immediate origin of "The Great War." The operations both of land and sea forces are duly chronicled, and there are several articles on allied subjects. A table dealing with the new Income Tax and a summary of the War Budget are included, and we can imagine that the Navy and Army Lists, the latter lengthened by the new forces, will be the most often referred to portions of the book for many during the coming year.

Whitaker's Peerage, Baronage, Knightage and Companionage for 1915, revised and brought entirely up to date, is a wonderful mine of information, not the least important part of which is the introduction, which gives an informative history of the growth of the peerage and its degrees; the rolls of the three peerages, English, Scotch and Irish; historic peerages in succession from 1107 to 1913, and baronetages from 1611; an illustrated treatise on decorations, a table of precedence, an official glossary and the modes of addressing persons of title, while at the end of the book will be found an index to the seats and residences of the families figuring in the body of the book. As a moderately priced and handy directory to social and official life it would be very difficult to suggest any improvements in *Whitaker's*.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

HOW TO CURE BACON.

IN the leaflet to which a reference is made in "Country Notes," many excellent recipes are given for curing bacon, although it is stated that many farmers and cottagers cherish secret methods known only to themselves and handed down from generation to generation. However that may be, the following method, which is practised with success in Lancashire, may be recommended: The side is cut into three pieces—ham, flitch and shoulder. The rind of each is well rubbed with fine, dry salt, the pieces being then placed on a stone slab sprinkled with salt. The curing of the flitch is effected by (1) applying a thin covering of salt, (2) a slight sprinkling of saltpetre, (3) a sprinkling of granulated sugar (a single handful) and (4) a final sprinkling of salt. The flitch is then left for four days, when the rind is again rubbed with salt, a very thin layer of which is also sprinkled over the surface. In eight to ten days from the commencement of curing, the salt is brushed from the flitch, which is then hung up to dry for ten to fourteen days, and finally covered with fine muslin, and stored in a cool, dry room. The ham and shoulder are treated in the same way as the flitch, but are left "in salt" fourteen to twenty-one days, and sprinkled with salt at intervals of four or five days. The ham, especially, should be disturbed as little as

possible. For a carcase weighing 280lb. the approximate amounts required are: Fine, dry salt, 20lb. to 24lb.; saltpetre, 1lb. to 1½lb.; sugar, 2½lb. to 3lb. A Buckinghamshire method of curing bacon is as follows: Each flitch is well rubbed with 2oz. of finely pulverised saltpetre, special care being taken to apply a larger quantity to the parts where the ham and shoulder have been removed. A mixture of 7lb. of salt and 1½lb. of coarse, moist sugar is then heated in a frying pan, and the flitches are rubbed all over with this hot mixture; they are then placed one on the other in a salting pan, and are well basted and rubbed with the brine that commences to form. This treatment is continued for some time, and the sides are meanwhile turned twice a week; at the end of four weeks they will be ready for smoking. The two hams are cured simultaneously with the flitches, and are hung on nails or put on a bacon rack in the kitchen till they are quite dry externally, and have the remaining pickle crystallised on the surface; they are then hung in the chimney or smoke loft to undergo the action of the smoke from the wood fires.

RURAL COTTAGES.

Many of our readers will be highly pleased to obtain the Report of the Committee appointed to advise the Board of Agriculture in regard to the building of cottages and out buildings. The



A HEREFORD HEAD.

pamphlet is an excellent little treatise on its own subject, and will give the very best guidance to those who wish to undertake the difficult task of building cottages. With most people the first question is that of expense, but the Committee do not encourage undue attention to this side of the business. They say, very properly, that unusual cheapness is attributable either to (a) undue restriction of the space provided; or (b) the use of inferior materials, defective workmanship or the omission of necessary or desirable items from the specification; or (c) the presence of unusually favourable and exceptional circumstances. Where these explanations do not apply the conditions in the country must be exceptional. Of course, something may always be done by getting local tradesmen to do the work under the supervision of the contractor. The differences in the cost of building, however, are at their best very puzzling. The Committee give one striking instance of cheap cottages. It was at Somersham, near Huntingdon. "They were erected for a local co-partnership society formed under the auspices of the Rural Housing Organisation Society. The prices ranged from £224 for a pair having two rooms and a scullery on the ground floor and two bedrooms on the first floor, to £268 for a pair of cottages with a living room, parlour, small lean-to scullery and three bedrooms."

We are only taking out one or two points that we regard as essential, and one of these certainly is the minimum accommodation. A cottage ought certainly to have three bedrooms. It may be that there are families which can do with less, but it is better to allow these to occupy the cottages already in existence. It is found in practice that nearly every cottager will give a little more for the sake of comfort and accommodation, particularly as it has become usual now to provide a reasonable amount of land with the cottage. The living-room ought to be as large as it can be made; usually 14ft. by 12ft. will be found convenient. The house should have a scullery or a washhouse, in order that there may be a place where all

dirty work can be done, so that the rest of the house may be kept clean. It is recommended that either a bath should be put into the cottage or a place left where it can be inserted if necessary, the idea being that the progress made by the labouring classes is so great that most of them in a few years will require this luxury. It reminds us of the Cambridge don who, when they were making some alterations and putting in baths, said: "Why go to the expense of baths? The men are not up more than six weeks at a time." Omitting details about building, we consider it of very great importance that the drainage should be well considered. If there is a slope, the easiest and healthiest way is to run the water out on to the garden at once. The dumb well does not always act well with cottages unless it is deep enough to be on the chalk, which is a great absorbent. If it be water-tight, you can never depend on the occupant cleaning it out. The water supply is a closely associated subject, and the treatment of the drainage must depend upon it, because it is necessary to render it absolutely impossible that the sewage water can get near the well, if there is a well. Concerning rain water, the following remarks are made: "In some districts where there is no water-bearing stratum at an available depth, recourse must be had to rain water for domestic purposes. Rain water as it falls is pure so long as the atmosphere is not charged with soot, dust, or deleterious gases; owing, however, to the character of the water, lead cisterns, pipes, or other fittings should never be used. The roof upon which the rain falls should be of an impervious material, such as slate, and the water should be stored in an underground water-tight tank." The plans and specifications for all the different classes of cottages are given at a very low cost—the working drawings at 1s. and the specifications at 1d. Among them are included a considerable number of the designs made for our competition last year. Most of our readers probably saw them when they were exhibited, and will recognise that they are useful and practical. Indeed, the Committee have reported much on the lines followed in this paper.

HUNTING IN KHAKI.

I AM interested to learn that the hounds at the front in France have succeeded in killing three foxes. No doubt there have been others, but it must be recollected that it is no small feat to kill foxes with a scratch pack in a strange country which cannot be stopped. The keen participation of so many men from the front and the obvious delight to them of a day with hounds has had a very stimulating effect upon the fields in England. These are beginning to have quite an after Christmas look. Putting the bad weather on one side, which naturally interferes with the pleasure of hunting, the sport has been decidedly good. Our khaki season has not been among the worst of recent years, and Christmas has been marked by one or two notably good runs.

THE YORK AND AINSTY.

This famous Hunt takes a very high place among khaki Hunts. None, either in the past or present—with the possible exception of the Bicester and the Pytchley—has done more for soldiers. The York and Ainsty farmers are owed a debt for the many men now serving their country, who have learned the lessons hunting only can teach a soldier across the Yorkshire farms. It must have been some reward to the farmers to see the khaki clad men who led the field in the good hunt on December 29th, from Rufforth Whin. Lord Furness was out; so was Captain Palmes, the International polo player, who is recovering from wounds, and a strong contingent in khaki. The bitch pack was out. These hounds have done remarkably well. There is a great deal of Milton blood in the York and Ainsty bitches. The strain seems to suit the sort of work required. I should say that with plenty of wet weather the Ainsty plough carried a rather better scent than do the arable fields in the Fitzwilliam grass country. The pack scurried away at the first touch on the line. There was clearly a scent. Everyone was full of ride; then came a big wide drain, full to the brim of muddy water. Some paused to see the Master, huntsman and a farmer swing over, the young horse of the farmer rocketing over in a fashion that speaks well for its future as a hunter; then the less adventurous majority turned down the road and had luck in seeing the hounds running hard towards them and carrying a great head. The going was deep. Lucky were the light weights already, for some of the 14st. men felt their horses begin to labour. But there was no hesitation in the pack; one felt now the value of blood under the saddle as the smilers began to sob while the hounds still ran on relentlessly. The blood ones, feeling for a few moments their feet on the firm road, came again, and all were in their places as they faced the good country towards Askham, where you can take the fences almost anywhere. Some people rode for Askham Bogs, but cunning never pays, and the fox turned away from the well known coverts. As they ran along the side of a hill a road helped some; then came a check, a fresh fox crossed the line of the hunted one. The huntsman soon put them right, but the fox soon after disappeared or the scent failed. It was a five mile point and took rather over an hour for hounds

to cover. The distance travelled was about nine or ten miles in all.

THREE GOOD RUNS.

Following the usual luck of Worcestershire packs in the present season, the fastest run of last week came to the Ledbury at Preston Cross. After pressing a fox in a fairly close country the hounds, which had been hunting with great resolution, forced him into the open; pace was now very fast and hounds had much the best of it when, at the end of some forty minutes, they fairly raced up to their fox and rolled him over in the open. We may rejoice when so good a sportsman as Mr. Nimrod Pearson, the Acting-Master of the Sinnington, has a great hunt, such as fell to the lot of these hounds and their followers on Christmas Eve. This was a great chase from Skelton Whin, which lasted three full hours, the fox beating them after all. Possibly there was a change on the way; but a stout old fox is quite capable of doing what this one did, and Sinnington foxes are rather famous for giving long chases. The run was rather marred by some anxious moments when it seemed as if the pack must be run into by the train; but the driver was a sportsman, and pulled up while the pack escaped with the loss of a single hound—a good one, of course. I often think of the saying of the huntsman to his master when a hound had been killed, "I will never praise a hound again," so unlucky had he been with his favourites, and this is often the case. The country rode very badly. There had been a sharp frost over night, and the low lying fields were covered with pools of rainwater, these being sheeted over with ice, and the going consequently very bad. The third hunt was with Mr. Fernie's. Often as I have hunted in this country, it is very seldom that I have seen hounds take the line they did on the day they met for the second time at the Dog and Gun, Kilby. The first time frost prevented hunting, but on this occasion the weather was favourable to sport and enjoyment. The Kilby side is always rather dreary. An outlying fox gave us a flying start. From that moment the hounds hunted steadily for well over an hour. The fox ran by Willoughby Waterless into the Atherstone country, and in that rather cold-scenting corner of Leicestershire the hounds were beaten. This is a pleasant country to ride over if one does not mind plough. I do not mind anything but hills and checks. If hounds will run on over a level country like this corner of the Atherstone I would ask nothing better. This hunt finished without a kill, as did the Cottesmore's smart gallop from Whissenthorpe right into the Quorn country by way of Burton, the Melton steeplechase course and back to their own country. At the Cottage plantation in Stapleford Park, fading scent and fresh foxes brought the hunt to a conclusion.

HUNTING IN COUNTY CORK.

Our illustrations show some of the fences to be met with in County Cork. These may be either regarded as walls or banks. As one Englishman who saw them for the first time said, "They look as if the occupiers of adjoining fields had each



W. A. Rouch.

A STONE WALL IN COUNTY CORK.

Copyright.

built a wall and had then filled up the intervening space with stone faced banks and earth." To English eyes these look at first rather impossible places, but the horses of Cork, as well as their riders, make light of them. Even the stranger becomes more reconciled when he finds that the horses show no reluctance to face them (an English horse would certainly refuse to look at them), and that there are no ditches and no growth on top such as make the Meath banks formidable. These Cork fences are clean, and have, at all events, no hidden terrors. Then there is often grass in the fields. Of course, as our pictures make plain, they hinder hounds, and no doubt, to some extent, foxes; but then it is clear to any horseman that such obstacles must be ridden at steadily. But these fences of County Cork have done their share in training our cavalry. For some years the regiment stationed at Ballincollig hunted the Muskerry country. The officers acted as huntsmen and whippers-in. There can be no finer training in horsemanship or in forming an eye for country than hunting or whipping-in to a pack of hounds, nor is there any greater pleasure, so that all the information and experience are absorbed most easily. Such famous regiments as the 3rd Hussars, 10th Hussars, 13th Hussars, 12th Lancers and 17th Lancers have hunted hounds there, and have gained the knowledge some of them have turned to such good account in the present war and in South Africa. I have heard that Prussian officers hunt by order with a State pack. Our men only require to be left alone to hunt at their own expense. Some of our authorities (whose spiritual home was in Germany) tried to discourage these regimental packs. But just now such spiritual environment is out of favour, and it is to be hoped that when the war is over we shall hear no more of Government discouragement of regimental

packs. But the very atmosphere of Ireland is favourable to sport, especially if the sport be connected with horse and hound. If the Irishman of any class loves one part of the sport more than another, it is to see a horse well and boldly ridden at his fences. It is Lord Mayo who tells of a great character, a Hunt runner commonly known as "Sugu" (a word which means in Irish neither drunk nor sober, but, as the sergeant once put it when asked to describe the condition of a private, "Not drunk, sir, but slightly overcome by refreshment"). However, "Sugu" was an enthusiast, running many miles on foot with hounds, and he had as well a pretty wit. At one famous obstacle he would lie on his back under the bank on the side from which it was taken, and salute the performers with appropriate remarks. When Mr. Robin Aylmer and Sir Philip Crampton flew this water side by side, "Sugu" exclaimed, "Nothing can beat ye, me bould Philip. That I may never die till ye take a leg off me." There are four Hunts in County Cork. All have good grass-fields, not much woodland, some rough and rugged tracts intersected with glens and ravines, and all have some of the stone-faced banks of which I have already written, besides simpler forms of bank and wall. Of these four Hunts, the Muskerry is the best known from its connection with the line of soldier Masters, which, by the way, includes the present Master of the Quorn. The Duhallow, where Mr. Nigel Baring built up an excellent pack of hounds, is the best country from a riding point of view. The United Hunt is a most sporting country, of which I have already written in *COUNTRY LIFE*, and the South Union is the roughest of the four. All will afford excellent sport, and the Cork men and women are famous riders and keen as can be. When I was once there the farmers were friendly, and all was going well.

N.



W. A. Rouch.

FULL CRY OVER THE WALL.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

CONTRABAND OF WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—This peaceful scene holds little in it to suggest war's wild alarms, yet here is contraband of war, a few of some seven hundred ponies, the freight

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—May I venture to dissent from "F. W. H." about the right time for transplanting Christmas roses. I agree with him in recognising this as "the



CONTRABAND OF WAR.

of two vessels, seized on the high seas by the King's ships and brought as a prize into Leith. Now these sturdy Icelandic animals are safely parked in the elm-encircled fields of a Scottish gentleman of title. They are not always so mild-mannered; 120 of them stampeded when being driven from Leith Docks, and scattered all over the eastern section of Midlothian. As will be seen from the photographs these ponies are not exactly types of equine beauty and symmetry. The formation of their heads, too, hints at an occasional obstinacy in their dispositions. They are, however, tremendously hardy, muscular and willing workers, greatly in favour with the coster and greengrocer, who will no doubt, acquire some bargains when they are disposed of.—D. P.

THE VALUE OF THE BEST.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—One might easily write a little homily upon the value of the best, no matter whether the remark may apply to the breeding of livestock or the collecting of postage stamps. The man who throws himself into a hobby with intelligence, bringing to bear upon it judgment ripened by experience, and a natural acumen that cannot well be acquired from text books, may easily make the pursuit profitable as well as pleasurable. At the first blush pigeon breeding may not seem to afford any great scope for one's activities, yet Darwin paid a tribute to the results achieved by breeders in his day and from time to time we have records of sales that are surprisingly productive. Only the other day the loft of Turbits, brought together in a few years by the late Mr. Robert Clay of Manchester, realised £1,142 under the hammer, the total number of pigeons offered being 170. A young unshown red hen made £46. Considerable though this total is, especially at a time that is not favourable for the disposal of fancy stock of any kind, it falls short by over £400 of the sum reached a few years ago at the dispersal of Mr. Arnold Gillett's English owls. One fact is worthy the attention of breeders. When starting in Turbits Mr. Clay spent money freely in purchasing the best from a number of different strains. Result—failure. He next procured stock from one or two of the leading families only. Result—success.—A. CROXTON SMITH.

greatest stumbling block" in the way of growing them successfully, but I differ when he prescribes August and September for the process. I never succeeded well with them till I followed the directions of Mr. Maule, gardener to Sir Ralph Anstruther of Balcaskie. He makes them a speciality. I have never seen elsewhere anything approaching the vigour of many hundreds of *Helleborus altifolius* in the propagating beds and garden borders there.

Mr. Maule considers March the best month for transplanting and dividing this plant, finding that abundance of new roots are made during spring and summer, whereby it is prepared to meet the trials of winter. He trenches the ground deeply, laying some well-rotted manure at the bottom of the trench, covering it with sound loam, upon which the rhizomes are laid, to be covered in turn with 3in. or 4in. of loam and leaf-mould. Since I put Mr. Maule's precept into practice eight years ago I have never been disappointed in the result.—HERBERT MAXWELL.

JASMINE FRUITING NEAR LONDON.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In your last issue, in reply to E. Hutchinson's question as to the unusual fruiting of the white jasmine, it may be of interest to you to know that those on the east and west walls of my house, and also one in a neighbour's garden, have for the last six years (the time I have been here) always had a plentiful crop of berries, and numbers of seedlings spring up round about. I enclose a few berries, and also a seedling.—W. HARRIS, 17, Eaton Rise, Ealing, W.

GERMAN PLACE-NAMES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—It is to be feared that we shall lose, and lose deservedly, our national reputation for common-sense and sanity if we follow the counsels set forth by Mr. Lucas' letter in your current issue. In one particular at least he is likely to be disappointed; he expects that Saxe-Cobourg Place, Edinburgh, will shortly undergo a change of name. I think not; I have lived several years in the "grey city of the North," and believe its inhabitants, and the



A PEACEFUL SCENE.

Scottish people generally, to be too level-headed to give way to such an act of petulant folly. Mr. Lucas thinks that "the fewer German associations we have in our daily lives the better." Well, doubtless German goods and German ideas are at a discount just now. "How is the Goethe Society getting on?" I asked a lady at a public gathering a few weeks ago. "Hush-sh-sh—it's dead and buried," was the reply, given in alarmed tones and with a glance around her. This is quite natural—for the moment. But are we, henceforth and for ever, to deny ourselves the advantages of German criticism, science and research? solace ourselves no more with the music of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Strauss? Must I tear from its shelf one of the most treasured volumes I possess—Carlyle's "History of Frederick the Great"? There is a further logical sequence to the drastic steps suggested by Mr. Lucas. On what terms are we with the French to-day? A cordiality of slow but steady growth has at last culminated in our standing ranked with them as brothers in arms. Yet once the very name of Frenchman was a bugbear, and, a century ago, we beat them on a Belgian battlefield—helped, if I dare remind Mr. Lucas of the fact, by Prussian troops under a gentleman named Blucher, whose manners and customs are understood to have been of the roughest, but who yet proved a welcome sight to Wellington upon the evening of that day in June. Surely, then, in these changed times, it is only logical that the South Western Railway's principal London terminus should be renamed, as also the lower continuation of Regent Street, not to mention—as Edinburgh has been brought into the question—Waterloo Place in that city. All history books must be most carefully revised, any allusions to the Anglo-French relations of a century ago being rigorously "censored." A good deal more might be said, but surely this is enough to show where such a current of folly, if not strenuously resisted at its outset, would carry us. All my friends know that I am no pro-German, and my tastes for France and for the French have sometimes caused unfavourable remark! Englishmen usually strike hard when they are fighting, but they like to shake hands when the fight is done. No doubt the German conduct in the present war will retard the hand-shaking period considerably, but it will come in time.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

DOGS FOR DRAUGHT PURPOSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been extremely interested in the correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE on the above subject, and, if it is not too late, should like to contribute a few words. One sees dogs which appear perfectly happy and others obviously the reverse. The big nondescript animal harnessed to a little cart in the photograph I enclose looked well kept and able to work with ease. He belonged to a Dutch fisherman, and used to run the old man or his wife into the town to market with apparent ease, though he would have appreciated a lighter cart, probably. The other dog belonged to a milkman and had to help pull the hand truck. He was a dog of different build, who found work hard and took life sadly. There is no doubt that both these dogs were of great use to their owners—poor folk, who could not have kept a pony even if they had had room to house it. The chief argument against the use of any kind of dog for haulage is, I think, that they differ so widely in physique and temperament. A nervous, highly strung dog must always be unhappy at unnatural work, and size does not always represent stamina and endurance.—A. P.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—“R. A. T.,” who writes against their use, is not, I fear, amenable to reason on the matter, but he or anyone interested might well consider the vast amount of work dogs do in Arctic lands. No other animal to be got could do the work half as well. The facts are told in many books, and admirably in the last travel book I have read—"Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled," by Hudson Stuck, Archdeacon of the Yukon. The chapter on the Alaskan dogs is most interesting.—W. R.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent on the above subject seems to argue solely on the ground of cruelty *versus* kindness. But it seems to me that the point rather is "necessity." I do not know the Netherlands, but I take it that dogs are employed by poor people managing their own tiny businesses, to whom a pony would mean consuming all the margin of profit. That is not the case in this country, and it is evidently a necessity which has arisen within the last few centuries on the Continent, due to economic conditions; or else by this time a definite breed of draught dogs would have been evolved instead of the mixtures which have been shown in COUNTRY LIFE and

elsewhere. None of these dogs look happy, and none of them was designed by Nature for draught work. In Arctic regions the use of sledge dogs is a necessity, since horses could not survive all the year round. We have not that excuse either. Finally, there is no virtue in making an animal work unnecessarily, any more than in making it perform any other unnatural tricks, and I may perhaps be forgiven for saying that no true dog-lover would tolerate the prospect of turning his own dog into a beast of burden—so why give an undesirable liberty to people who ought never to be allowed to keep a dog at all?—K.

FOOD OF CHILDREN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The interesting point raised by your correspondent "Senex" on the feeding of children is by no means the "idea of an old fogey" only. Within the last two months I have been reading private reports, collected for parochial purposes, on the feeding of the children of the very poor in an eastern rural district, from which it would appear that bread and margarine, the very cheapest bought jam or treacle, is their chief food, with vegetables out of the garden when they have one. Milk frequently is of the cheapest condensed variety. In none of the cases quoted did the children get fresh milk to drink. Meat still figures on the menu only once a week for the family, though the wife manages to get a tasty scrap or a herring now and then for her husband's supper. (A few years ago the people in this village would not look at herrings.) The introduction of foreign meat and the cheapness of all the commodities which were so expensive seventy years ago do not seem to have increased the variety of their food otherwise, and there was an appalling sameness in the lists. It is not fair to blame the women for lack of initiative. When one sees what life means for them on a wage of less than £1 a week, there cannot be much energy and time left for avoidable cooking.—O. M.



"HE RESTS WHENEVER HE CAN."



WAITING TO TAKE MASTER TO MARKET.

SWANS FOR THE ASKING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could you spare me space to inform your readers that we have more swans in the Wimbledon Park Lake (several of them are this year's cygnets) than we need. We shall be pleased to present some free to anyone who would like to have them, on condition that they make all arrangements for their conveyance from Wimbledon without cost to the club. Application should be made to me without delay.—G. F. McGRATH, Acting Secretary, Wimbledon Park Golf Club, Wimbledon, Surrey.

OXEN AS BEASTS OF BURDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a couple of photographs of scenes, with which many of your readers are probably familiar, of draught oxen in the Island of Madeira, where these animals do an immense amount of useful work and incidentally contribute in no small degree to the picturesqueness of the scenery. The queer contraption in the first picture is, I believe, a goods trolley which I encountered in the streets of Funchal in the charge of the small, but very self-important, boy marching ahead. The second vehicle is the cab of the island. It is not a rapid method of travelling, but one gets there, and, after all, time is not a matter of great importance in Madeira. It was not until I had photographed it that I discovered one of the passengers was no less a personage than General Botha, so that this particular cab shines with a reflected glory. I have often wondered why draught oxen have died out in England. The last Sussex plough team was, I believe, sold some two years ago. Perhaps in the near future the inevitable shortage of farm horses may be supplied, for a time, at any rate, by this means once more.—B. A.

WOLVES AND THE WAR COUNTRIES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—A few days ago I read a thrilling account of wolves being seen on one of the battlefields in Poland and of the feelings of a wounded officer who watched them. This is by no means improbable, for wolves still exist in Poland, and they are to be found in the wilder parts of Russia in considerable numbers. Even in East Prussia they are to be heard of, and near the Rominten Heide, a favourite stalking ground of the German Emperor, several were shot and poisoned two or three years since. In the Carpathians,



A STREET SCENE IN MADEIRA.

where the Russians are also waging war, wolves are numerous and daring. Five years ago, in the eastern part of that great range, no fewer than 581 were killed during the season, the average for some years previous having

been about 300 per winter. Even in France wolves are by no means extinct. Until about thirty years ago they were still regularly hunted in Brittany with packs of hounds, and here and there they are still occasionally pursued in this way. About 600 wolves are still annually slain in France. These are, however, mostly killed in the wilder and more mountainous parts of the country, and poisoning and trapping play a considerable part in the attainment of this death roll. The Louvetier, a Government official, charged with the keeping down and destruction of these animals, is still to be found in most



OVER THE COBBLED ROADWAY.

of the rural parts of France. This post is usually occupied by a country gentleman, often a descendant of the old nobility, and as part of his duty he is charged with the maintenance of some kind of pack for running down the quarry. A full grown wolf is one of the most difficult beasts in the world to run down. His strength and staying power far exceed those of the fox, and he can usually show a clean pair of heels to a first-rate pack. The Vicomte Emile de la Besge, one of the *doyens* of the French *chasse-à-cour*, who has himself been at the death of more than 600 wolves, records an extraordinary hunt, in which an old wolf, which had devoured during the previous night as much of a dead horse as it could gorge, stood up before his pack for four hours, and was finally run to ground and accounted for in mountain country. In another instance an old wolf, slightly declining in its powers, led the pack over more than thirty-five miles of country and was finally run into, the Vicomte and his huntsman only managing to get up some time after the kill had been effected. Louvards (young wolves) are, however, pretty often hunted and run down by French packs, albeit they are seldom killed without yielding extraordinarily long and severe chases. These animals are still fairly plentiful in Spain; in addition to the common wolf of the Pyrenees, two other races (*Canis lupus signatus* and *Canis lupus deitanus*) are known. The first named, *C. l. signatus*, found in Central Spain, is closely allied to the common wolf of Northern Europe. The second, *C. l. deitanus*, which is smaller and much more jackal-like, is met with in South-Eastern Spain, in a tract of country between the Sierra de Taibilla and the Sierra de las Cabras, near Murcia. Wolves are, of course, abundant in all the wilder parts of the Balkan countries. In Scandinavia they are much less plentiful than they used to be, though still fairly common in Lapland. Five years ago, during that sharp winter when they abounded so in the Carpathians, wolves appeared in Scania, in the extreme south of Sweden, a country covered closely with arable farms and lacking in those great forests in which these carnivora delight to shelter. Various theories were propounded as to the place of origin of these wolves, some people even alleging that they came over the Baltic on drift ice from the eastern shore, a hundred miles distant; but the problem was never satisfactorily solved.—H. A. BRYDEN.

SWELLING THE RUSSIAN FORCES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Since the war began I have been wondering when the Kalmucks of Southern Russia were to be heard of. I have just read a Petrograd telegram announcing the acceptance of their offer of men, money and horses for the purposes of the war. I enclose a photograph of a young Kalmuck which I took on a steamer at Nijni-Novgorod. The bales of cotton surrounding him have probably been brought from Bokhara.—C. H. DICK.



A YOUNG KALMUCK.